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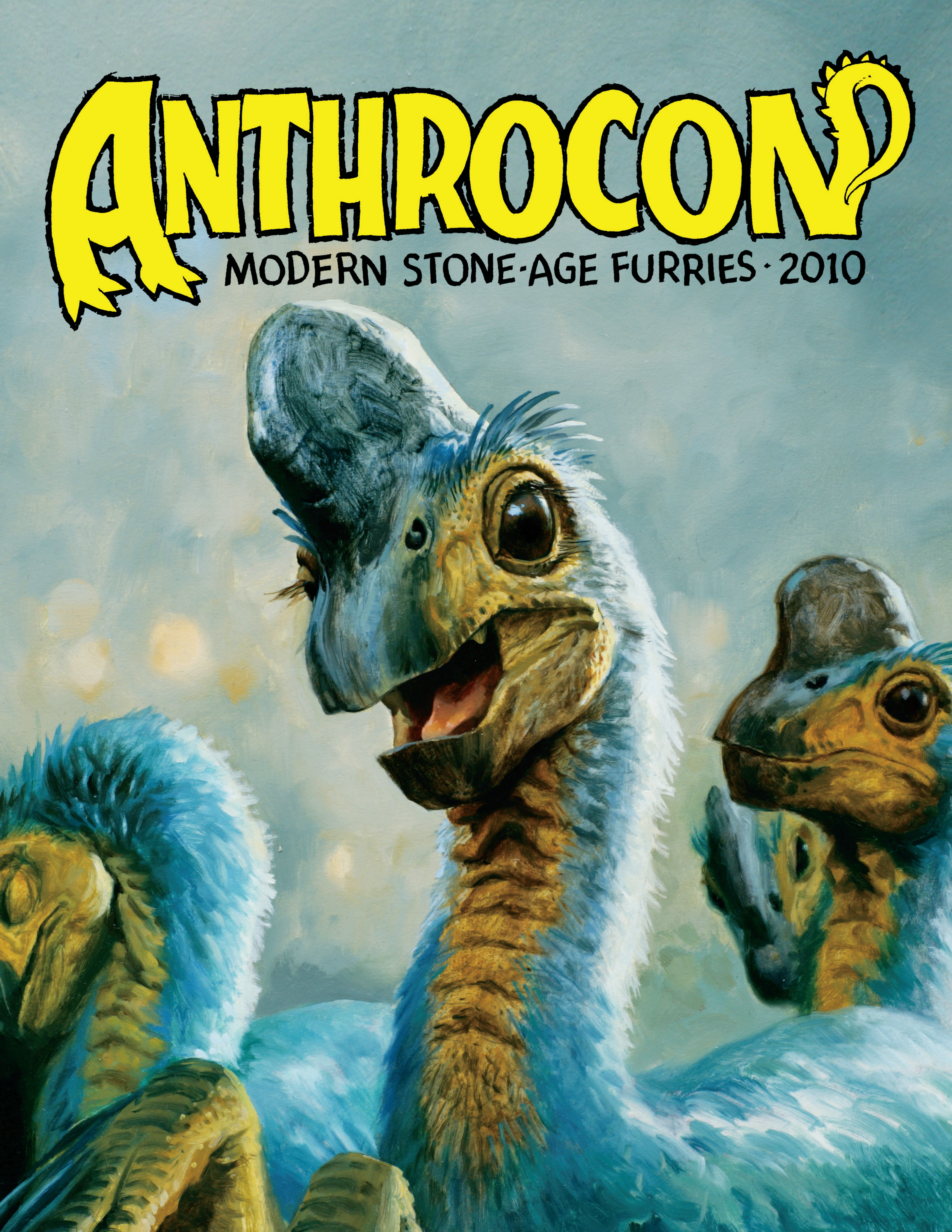
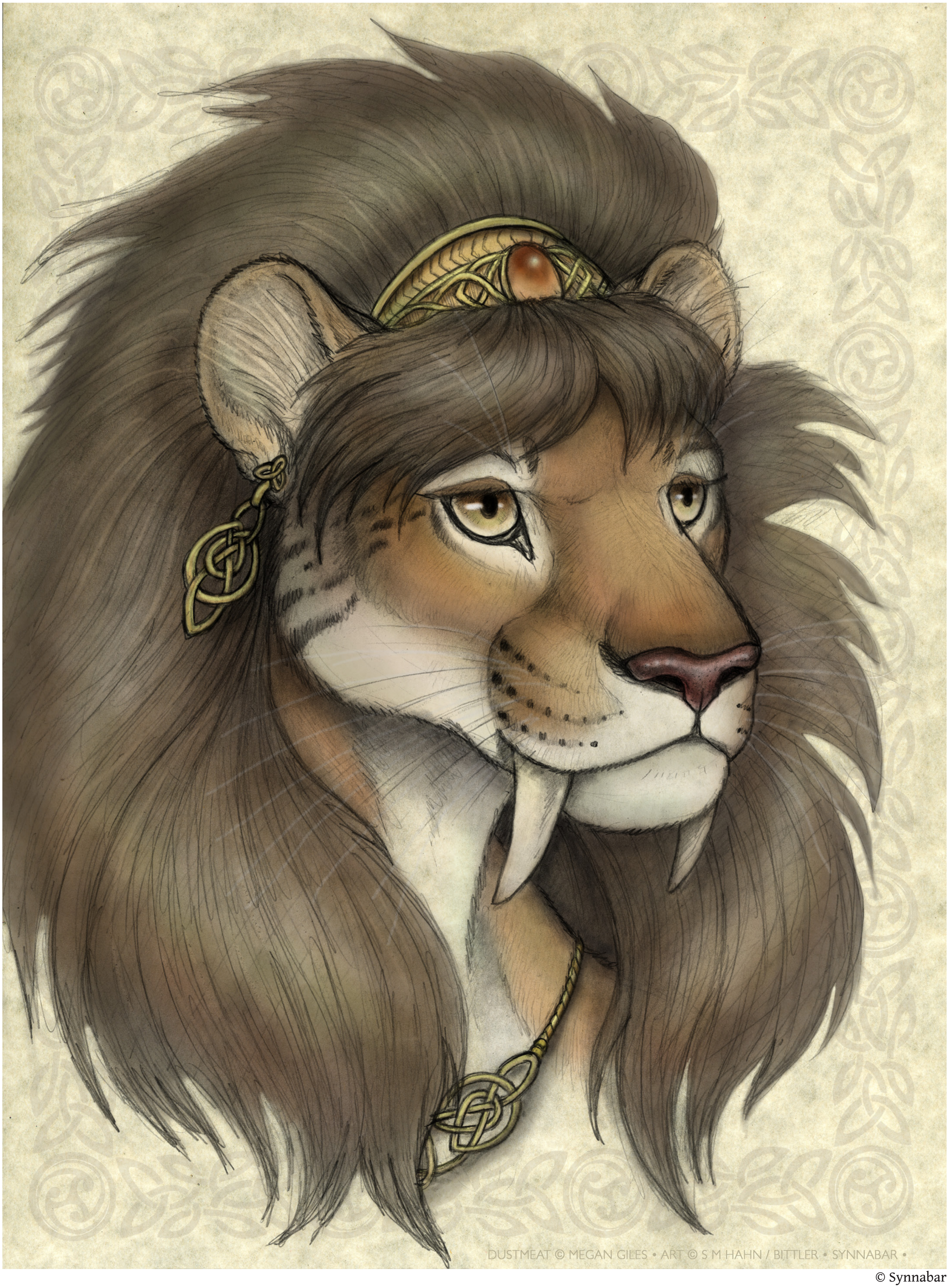
MODERN STONE-AGE FURRIES · 2010

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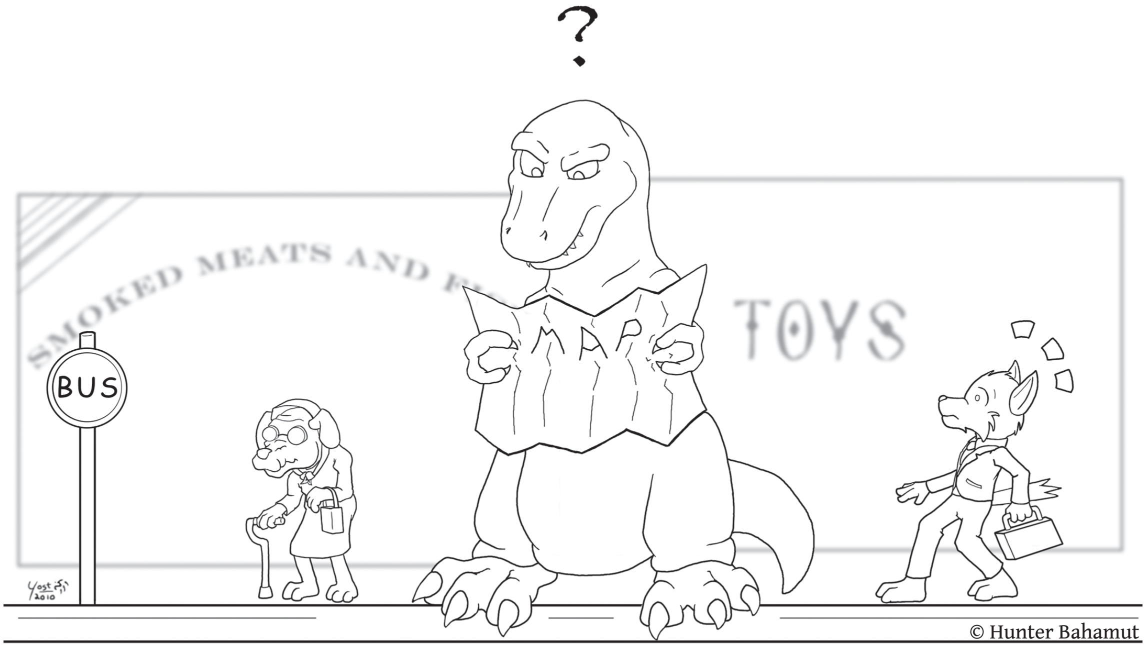

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JAMES GURNEY

Artist and author James Gurney brings a perspective of realism and scientific accuracy to his work in fantasy.

James Gurney is the author and illustrator of the *New York Times* bestselling Dinotopia book series, which has been translated into eighteen languages in thirty-two countries. He designed the *World of Dinosaurs* stamps for the United States Postal Service and has worked on assignment for *National Geographic* magazine, painting reconstructions of Moche, Kushite, and Etruscan civilizations.

His unique blending of fact and fantasy has won Hugo, Chesley, Spectrum, and World Fantasy Awards. An exhibition of the artwork from Dinotopia began at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C. will appear at the Delaware Art Museum in early 2010. His most recent book is *Imaginative Realism: How to Paint What Doesn't Exist* (Fall, 2009). Gurney lives in the Hudson River Valley of New York with his wife Jeanette and his blue parakeet Mr. Kooks—a living descendant of dinosaurs.

(right) **James Gurney in his studio in the Hudson River Valley of New York.**

For more information, please visit
www.dinotopia.com **or** ***www.jamesgurney.com***

JIM MARTIN

Jim Martin has twenty years of experience as a performer, producer, director, writer, and designer of puppets and puppet presentations.

For more information, please visit
jimmartinproductions.com

Jim Martin, puppet performer and builder, television director, writer, and producer is very pleased to be asked to participate in Anthrocon 2010.

Jim's love for puppets began in a classroom a long time ago in second grade and continues today where he works mainly in television.

His career spans many children's television shows from local shows in Pittsburgh to national shows like *The Great Space Coaster* (Gary Gnu, Baffle, M.T. Promises), *The Puzzle Place* (Ben and Blue Piece Police), *Bear In The Big Blue House* and *Sesame Street*.

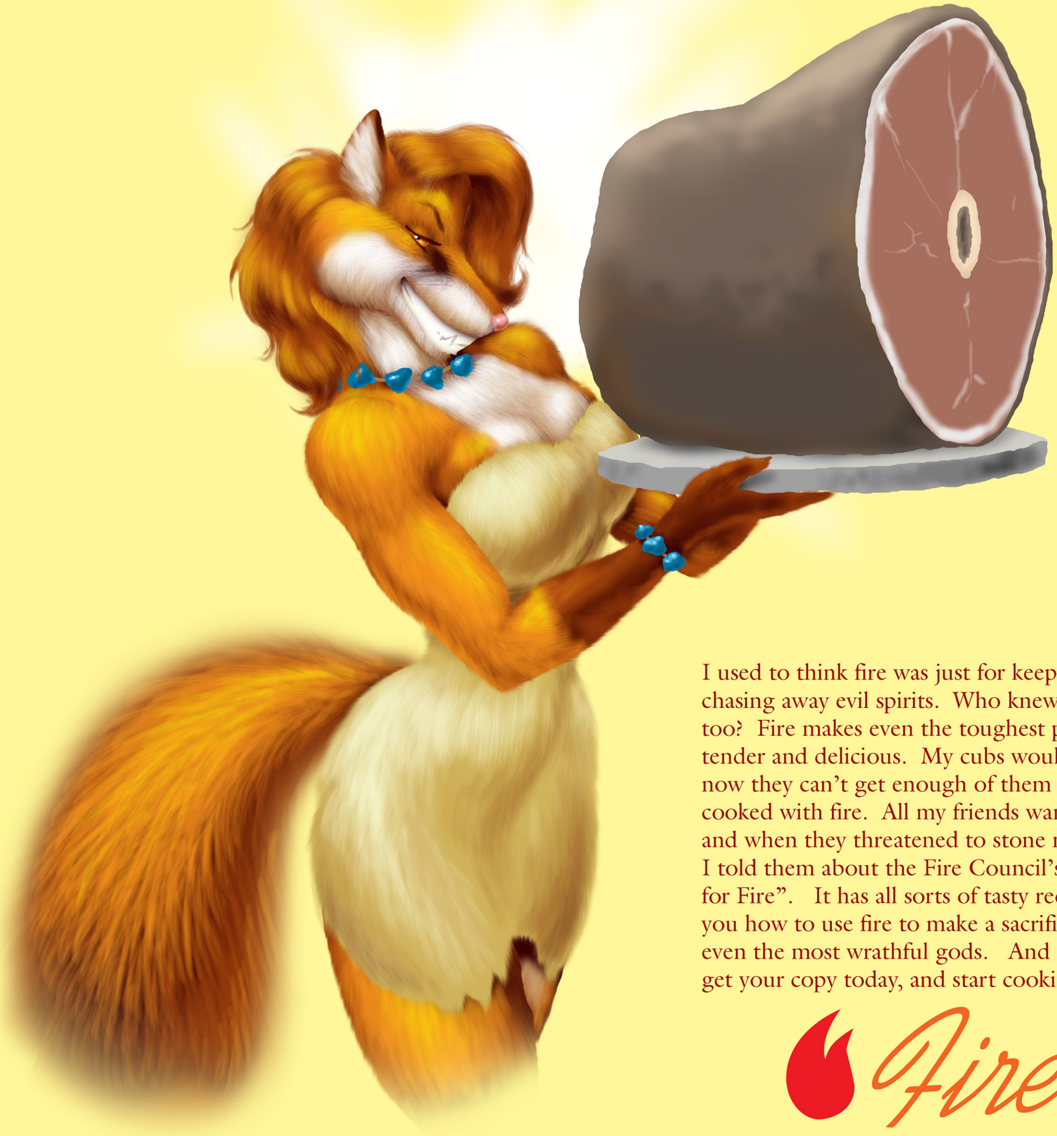
He is a five-time Emmy award-winning director for *Sesame Street* and was nominated last year as a producer and Director for the Disney Channel's *Johnny and the Sprites*.

Jim Martin has traveled to Germany, Indonesia and Turkey to teach and audition puppeteers for Sesame Workshop.

Jim Martin (pictured here with Gary Gnu) was the Principal Puppet Performer on *The Great Space Coaster.*

This is the first time Mr. Martin has been asked to speak at a convention and is looking forward to meeting many new Puppet Pals from around the world in his hometown of Pittsburgh, PA where he lives with his wife Crystal.

The Hottest thing in food today is Fire!



I used to think fire was just for keeping the cave warm, and chasing away evil spirits. Who knew you could cook with it too? Fire makes even the toughest piece of mastodon tender and delicious. My cubs wouldn't touch vegetables, now they can't get enough of them once they've been cooked with fire. All my friends wanted to know my secret, and when they threatened to stone me to death as a witch, I told them about the Fire Council's new book, "101 Uses for Fire". It has all sorts of tasty recipes, and even shows you how to use fire to make a sacrifice that will appease even the most wrathful gods. And all for only 3 clams! So get your copy today, and start cooking, with FIRE!

Fire

Makes everything better™

Sponsored by the Fire Council

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HOARFROST AND THE NIGHT

BILL "HAFOC" ROGERS

The slope must have been steeper than it looked. By the time he'd reached the summit, he was shaking and out of breath. He couldn't tell if it was from exhaustion or from the bitter cold, but it didn't matter. Far below him, the river, the trees on the far side, and the snowy plains beyond shone in the brilliant moonlight. His eyes weren't what they had been when he was young, but it was the most beautiful view he had ever seen.

Far away to the south, he could see the mountains that made him sad. He had always planned to explore them some day, but some day had never come. *Oh well*, he thought. Tonight he was leaving on the greatest journey of exploration of all. And there couldn't be a more perfect night for it, or a more perfect place to start.

He planted the butt of his best spear on the ground and leaned on it as if it were a walking stick. Lifting his silvered muzzle to the moon, he emptied his mind and let his soul rise to sing to the Goddess. He would sing silently tonight, but it would be his most beautiful–

The scent of beer wrinkled his nose. Beer and woodsmoke, leather and–the old wolf sniffed deeply, nodded a bit, and sighed–*that horse*. Him again.

He heard a clink of pots and the sound of hooves kicking away the snow. A spray of the stuff hit him on his tail and the back of his legs. He growled deeply. "Go away."

Scuff scuff scuff. "Make me."

"Go away now, Herd Meat, before I rip your throat out!"

"Don't make me laugh, Carrion Breath. You're too old and too slow. Don't waste your strength trying."

He shook his head in exasperation. "Why? *Why* do you bedevil me so?"

"You've forgotten why? I haven't. The pain of the scars on my leg wouldn't let me forget, even if I wanted to. I will follow you forever for what you did."

"I should have eaten you when I had the chance."

Behind him, twigs and small branches snapped. The smell of smoke became stronger. An orange glow flickered on the snow around him. That horse had been carrying glowing coals in one of the clay pots. The horses had learned that trick from the wolf people years ago.

The horse said "Indeed, it would have

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been simpler to eat me. Although not so good for you when my herd found us."

"We had nothing to fear from a bunch of grass-eaters."

"If you say so. For whatever reason, you didn't eat me. I've always wondered why."

"Because I was an idiot, that's why. I'd never even dreamed of a creature who looked and smelled like prey, but had hands, carried the flint-tipped spear, and could speak, or could make sounds that seemed like some kind of barbarous speech, at least. You were interesting. I thought you might be useful. Silly me."

"You're silly indeed, trying to get away from me like this."

"You won't stop me."

"No," the horse said, almost too quietly to hear. "No, I won't. Want some beer?"

"What?"

"I want to stop you, Hoarfrost, but I won't."

Hoarfrost sat down in the snow, turned half away from the beauty of the full moon so he could look back at the horse. The fire between the horse's feet was a cheerful, steady glow now. Even after all these years the wolf had trouble reading the expression in those wide-set eyes.

"You say you haven't come to stop me, yet you build a fire and you offer me food."

"The fire is for myself. I feel the cold more than you. And strong beer isn't food."

"I can't drink it."

"Of course you can! You can't stomach our food. I wish I knew why. But you've been drinking our beer most of your life. I wish I had something else to offer you. A rabbit, a rat, anything. Who would have thought I'd be sorry these creatures *didn't* try to come steal our grain? But I'm more sorry about that than I have been about anything in my life."

"You tried, Dapple. You did your best, even though hunting was so far outside your nature. May the Goddess bless you for trying. But there's no meat. There is nothing left for me but to leave on the greatest hunt of all. It would be an affront to the Goddess to delay my hunt on such a perfect night as this by drinking deep of your strong beer."

The horse laughed, although there were tears in his eyes. "We know more about the strong beer than you do, old wolf. None who wish to live would drink of it in the forest beneath the icy winter moon. You will feel warm, yes, and then you will sleep, and wake no more."

"That is even worse! We show the Goddess our courage by facing the Night, the Journey, the cold and the pain, alone."

Stephanie M. Bittner · SYNNABAR · 2005

"And so you did. You went forth to your Goddess, alone. If your Goddess shone her light in my eyes to wake me so I could see you and follow, that is Her decision and mine. Not yours."

Hoarfrost nodded slowly. Dapple rose from his seat, presented the pot of beer to the wolf, and returned to his fire.

The wolf opened the pot and drank deep. "Ahh.. I remember the first time you gave me this. Old friend, I never thought it was in you to follow me into the woods this night and then not try to bring me back to your fireside."

"Would it do any good? I can't even catch you a rabbit."

"You are no hunter. You are what you are, and that pleases me. Thank you for the beer. You should go now. Watching me go to sleep would be too hard for you to bear."

"Nothing could be harder. And that's why I will stay."

Hoarfrost drank more of the beer. He did feel warmer now. "I almost think I understand you. Living with us has made you horses into wolves, just a little bit."

"And you wolves into horses, beer-guzzling Carrion Breath."

"Ha! That is true also. Thank you, old friend. It seems so warm, and I have never seen the moon so beautiful. Who would have thought, when a wolf-cub bandaged and tended a wounded, fever-wracked colt, that they would run so far together? And now I am old and dying, while you are still young."

"Your weak eyes deceive you. I am not as old as you, but old enough."

"So says the Herd Stallion."

"No more. At the last new moon I asked nephew to become consort to my mares."

"I don't understand." Hoarfrost drank more beer. The pot was almost empty now.

"It means we both knew he would defeat me in the Spring Challenges, but–and may your Goddess protect me–I have somehow become too honored in the eyes of the Herd to suffer that humiliation. He will be Herd Stallion in fact, while I will be allowed to continue as Herd Stallion in name for what few days I have left."

"I weep for you, Herd Meat. We have run long and well, but none are fast enough to outrun Time."

"Truth." Dapple sighed. "I could wish that I might go with you tonight. For us the Land-Where-The-Sun-Goes-At-Night is summer days, rich fruits, and warm nights, forever. I could wish to hear the music of wolfkind's beautiful howls in those nights."

SilentRawyn
2010

Hoarfrost blinked awake. “What? You *like* our music?”

“Why not? We hear, and we sleep knowing that you prowl the night keeping enemy-wolves away. We know that the deer who come to eat our apples or grain will never reach it, nor even the rabbit dare a nibble. Sun-At-Night will be sad indeed without the music of wolves under the full moon. And besides that, what good is a lazy, warm evening without you to come in for a jar of beer and a story by the fire?”

It was so warm now, and the light of the moon filled everything. He looked into that light and smiled. “I can see my place at the night fire of the Goddess, and yours close beside. We will tell the stories of when we were young and too foolish to know that we were enemies. The songs we shall sing, the stories we shall tell! And the beer, such beer we will enjoy. I see it. Do you hear?”

“Yes. I hear and my heart soars.”

“Dapple? I only wish that what the Goddess gave us might endure.”

“I hear, friend. If She can hear the prayers of an old horse, so will it be.”

Hoarfrost smiled and closed his eyes to sleep.

******

One day came the first pioneers of the spring’s vast herds of buffalo, moving up from their wintering grounds in the lowlands. The next morning, Dapple heard distant howls from far downriver. He took Hoarfrost’s beautiful spear, with its gleaming leaf-point, its two eagle feathers, and its strings of red and green stones. He carried it as he walked down the riverbank, away from his village.

Soon the wolfpack trotted around the trees at the distant river bend and came on toward him. The wolves came close, then stopped. Their leader came forward alone.

“Silverlight,” Dapple said, bowing his head.

“Dapple.” The wolf came close and looked at the spear in the horse’s hand. “Grandfather?”

Dapple presented the spear to her. “He left us in the last full moon of winter. I’m sorry. We tried to find food for him, but we could not.”

Silverlight took the spear. Turning it in her hands, watching the light flash from the point and the colored stones, she sighed. “I had hoped you might save him to see one last summer. But the mark of the Goddess was upon him. He knew that too. He stayed behind because he knew he would slow us down. Because of his sacrifice we found meat before any of us starved.”

Silent Ravyn 2010

"I am glad his sacrifice was not in vain."

"It never is, in the eyes of the Goddess. Did he go to his special place on the river bluff?"

"Yes." Dapple swallowed and tilted his head back, looking up at the clouds. "But in the end, I couldn't let him go alone. I went with him, and stayed with him to the end. After it was over, I brought him home. He rests now beneath the newest mound, the one furthest in the direction of the dawn."

Dapple kept looking upward. Silverlight frowned. "Why do you present me your throat?"

"I didn't leave him in the woods. I brought him home and dealt with him as we would a hero of horsekind. I have dishonored your customs and your Goddess, may she and you forgive me. Perform justice as you see fit. But after that, I beg that you lay me by his side, that we may journey to Sun-At-Night together."

Silverlight reached out and touched Dapple's cheek gently, pressing his muzzle down until the horse and the wolf were looking into each others' eyes. The wolf's mouth was open without teeth much exposed, and her ears were up; Dapple knew this was a wolf's smile. It was strange to see that smile and tears on her face at the same time.

"Why would I enforce judgment on you for what you have done? There are no wolf-people and no horse-people. There is one People, and the People are all of us together. For as long as the river flows, for as long as Spring follows Winter and the Goddess waxes and wanes."

Dapple felt the tears in his own eyes. *Do you hear your granddaughter, Carrion Breath? You wished that what we had might endure. There is your answer. Go on your Great Hunt in joy. When you reach those bright lands, watch for me. I come, soon.*

"Dapple? Are you well?"

Dapple smiled. "I am better than you can imagine. Come to the fireside, my friend. There we will share songs and stories, and the good strong beer."

...and you thought the 1980s fashion revival was bad.

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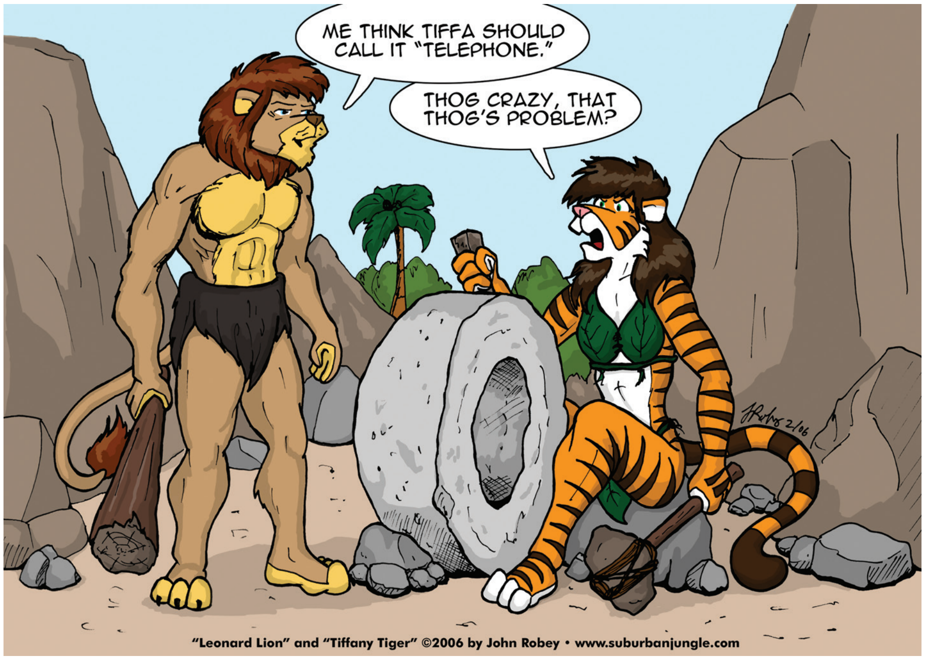
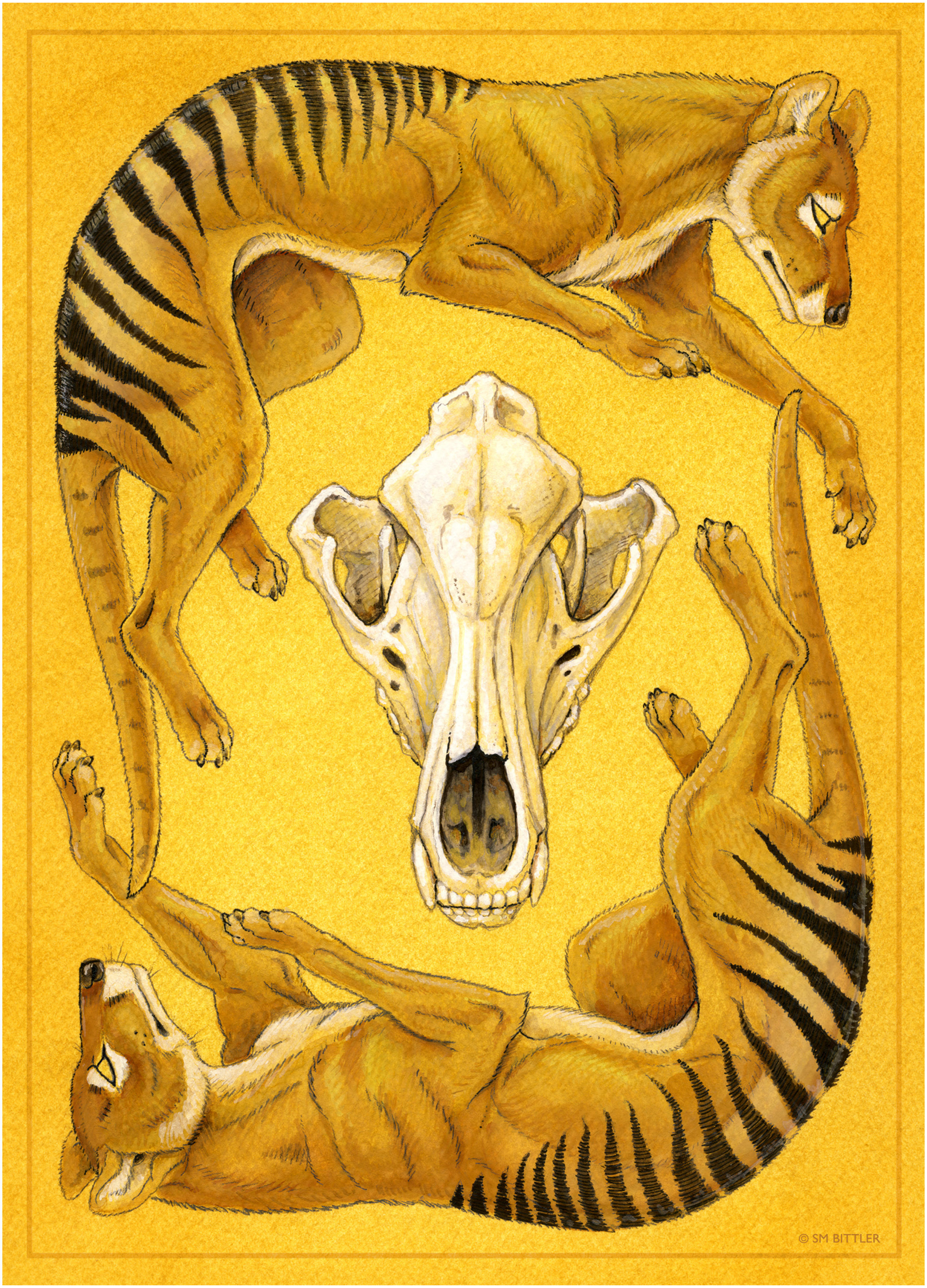

ME THINK TIFFA SHOULD CALL IT "TELEPHONE."
THOG CRAZY, THAT THOG'S PROBLEM?

"Leonard Lion" and "Tiffany Tiger" ©2006 by John Robey • www.suburbanjungle.com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DIFFERENT

NATHAN PFAUNMILLER

Through the years, I've learned one lesson well: life is hard to begin with, but it's even harder when you're different. Looking back at my youth is sobering to say the least. It would be so easy to condemn the people I knew during those years for everything they did to me, if it wasn't for one life-altering event.

To tell this story is difficult as it is, but it would be even harder without giving some background. My family is from a singularly strange species of rodent whose most outstanding feature is a rather prominent set of buck teeth. True, many rodents have long teeth, but my own were long enough to be ridiculous. Adding to that was the distinct lisp they produced in my speech, which never failed to bring merciless laughter down on my head. Not surprisingly, I tended to limit my speaking.

For most of my elementary school years, the bullying that resulted from my obvious differences was usually limited to verbal taunting. That isn't to say that I wasn't hurt just the same, but with some effort I was usually able to ignore the words.

High school changed everything, though. You might expect that older students would be more mature, more understanding, but that was far from the case. The hurtful words were still there, and now came coupled with more physical displays. I might still have been able to get through all right, if it wasn't for the fact that all high school students had a required speech class. I might have stood a chance of going unnoticed otherwise, but I was required to speak in front of my entire class with no chance of losing myself in the crowd.

The dreaded class started with the most innocuous thing that I would have to face the entire semester: a mandatory speech about what we had done over the break. We only had to make it a minute long, but I couldn't get through the first ten seconds without being laughed to shame. I virtually ran back to my seat when it was over, too haunted with my own failure to notice that everyone else had similar problems.

Still, my speech impediment, the fact that I was different, and my naturally small stature all conspired to make me a target. I was routinely ridiculed by my classmates, and occasionally physically abused, but everyone who cared was too scared of what might happen to them if they intervened or told the authorities. I can't criticize them for their fear, though; fear was my own reason for not telling anyone.

I avoided my mother's prodding when I came home every night. After doing my best to hide my bruises while at school, I would just try to deflect any conversation about school to any other topic that presented itself.

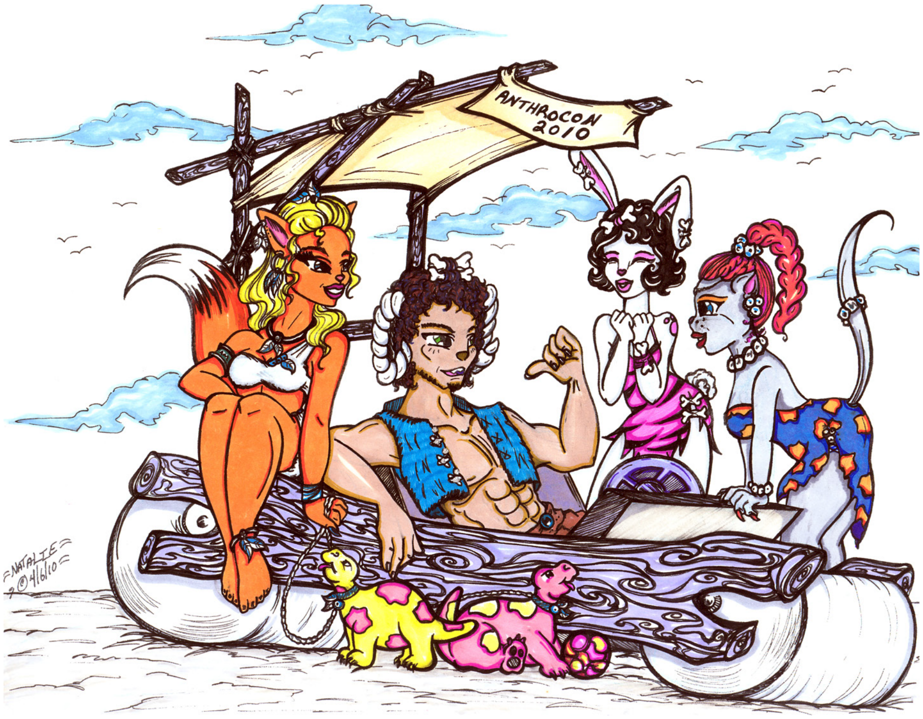
Throughout this time, it wasn't my mother's questions about the half-hidden bruises that frustrated me. It was her questions about my friends. The first few times she asked about them, I became quickly upset. I think she probably realized that I didn't have any real friends, but I still tried to hide that fact. After a while, I was forced to make up friends to still her concerns.

Those lies were what hurt the most. Coming up with stories of what I was doing with those imaginary friends almost drove me mad. The stories were enough to stop her questions, but I knew better than to think it solved my real problem. In reality, it just made it worse; I was constantly haunted by my lies–by the fact that they had to be lies. I so wished that they could have been true!

One day, however, things started to change.

I remember the day well; I had spent an entire night working on every little detail of the first major speech of the semester. I tried everything, from eliminating S's from my speech, to hours of practice in front of my mirror, in vain hope that I would be able to get out of class without being the laughing stock of the entire school.

All such efforts were fruitless. The content of my speech was quite solid; I had made sure of that early in the process. Still, my lisp only got worse when I was in front of my classmates, and far too many S's had somehow slipped past me in the editing phase. By the time I finished, I could only hide my face and hope that everyone would forget that I had given that awful speech.



I never was so lucky. Speech was the last class before I went to lunch, so I tried to hurry to the cafeteria where the crowd factor would make bullying almost impossible. I was headed off, however, by one of my personal tormentors: Steven, a grey wolf gifted with both the strength and the teeth of his species. I shook as I looked up at him, straight into that terrifying, toothy grin. I looked away, searching for any doors or hallways I could use to escape, but the wolf had brought friends. I was trapped.

"Nice speech today, Todd, I only noticed your lisp twice every word," he commented with a sneer. It was hardly his most original insult, but given the fact that I already felt horrible, witty responses were hard to come by at the moment.

"Leave me alone, Steven, I need to get to lunch," I mumbled, my lisp evident throughout. I heard laughing from all around me, a sound that was not unlike that of a pack of animals closing around their prey.

"Aw, I'm sorry. Say, why are you taking all of your books to lunch? They look heavy." Sure enough, I was still tightly clutching my monstrous speech book against my chest, and wore my book bag on my back. The books were heavy, but I wasn't about to admit it.

"I'm really hungry, I just want to get to lunch," I whispered, shuffling my feet and hoping Steven would lose interest.

"Well, if you're so hungry, you should let me help you with those books," Steven replied. He grabbed my speech book and yanked it down and away from me. Because of my tight grip, I fell forward and landed face-first on the ground, leaving my book in his hands.

"Oops, sorry about that," Steven said around a chuckle. "Say, here's your book back." I couldn't see what he did next because I had yet to look up, but I felt the full weight of my book hitting me, and my face hit the ground again. I was on the verge of tears by now, but managed to drag myself up to my hands and knees. Shaking my head clear, I saw a small opening that might let me escape. I grabbed my book from where it sat a few inches in front of me and

Color by: NishaStar @ FA

© KwiK

tried to scramble through Steven's legs, but he held me down and laughed as I struggled.

"Hey, leave him alone!" someone shouted indignantly. I couldn't see who it was; my vision was clouded by the tears that threatened to break out in full force, but I hoped that whoever it was would successfully chase Steven and his thugs away.

"Oh, hey Tony," Steven responded. "You want me to let this guy go?" He lifted me up by the strap of my backpack without any strain. I blinked my eyes clear in time to see who was challenging Steven and his friends, and my heart dropped at what I saw. Before me was a large saber-toothed tiger. He looked a match for Steven's gang, but I was sure he had no intention of letting me go once he had dealt with them.

"Yes, put him down!" Tony yelled. I was shocked by the tiger's own sharp lisp, which very closely mirrored my own.

My shock was rudely interrupted when Steven dropped me straight down on my tail. I squeaked in pain and jumped straight back up as tears started to flow. My tail was not injured permanently, but it hurt horribly.

"That wasn't what I meant!" the tiger said. As he approached us, I hunkered down, preparing for the blows I was sure would come. My eyes were closed, so I didn't see what happened next, but it didn't take much to guess what it was. Some harsh words were exchanged, but they quickly gave way to blows, and as soon as the blows started falling, I started running.

I didn't run in any specific direction, but I finally ended up huddled in a dark corner. I hadn't received nearly the beating that I could have, but pain and shock kept me huddled up in the corner, lonely and hurting.

I cried, too lost in my own pain and solitude to realize someone else was with me until he shook my shoulder. I looked up, only to draw back in horror when I saw the maw of a saber-toothed tiger beside me. I couldn't get away; I was trapped. It didn't register at first that he didn't seem interested in hurting me. My eyes were fixed on the sharp claws hanging over my shoulder.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Tony finally asked. "Did they hurt you bad?"

"N—no...," I choked out after some hesitation.

"It's okay, then, I'm not going to hurt you," he said. My trembling slowed, and I looked up at him. His face was genuinely kind, and I could see that he honestly wanted to help me.

"Aren't you one of them?" I asked, keeping my voice hushed in fear.

"One of the bullies?" he asked. I once again noticed his lisp, and found it somewhat comforting in a way. "No, I don't even like them. I may be strong, but I know how to put my strength to good use."

I noticed now that Tony had taken a few hits. He didn't look too bad, but it was pretty obvious that he'd been through a decent fight.

"I'm sorry you had to be involved in that," I said.

"It's all right, they needed to be set straight on a few things anyway," he commented with a chuckle. I had to chuckle myself; by the looks of it, he had made out remarkably well, despite fighting a much larger group by himself.

In the end, I got pretty well acquainted with Tony. Our matching lisps became a connecting point, and we became fast friends. I didn't suffer much bullying after that; Tony couldn't guard me all the time, but everyone knew that we were friends, and no one wanted to mess with someone Tony called friend.

But there's more to the story, something I didn't tell you to begin with. I knew about Tony beforehand; not by name or reputation, but because I had seen him. I knew he was different; not only did he lisp, but his long canine teeth made some things hard for him. I didn't think of him as a possible friend, though, I just saw him as different, and I avoided him because of that view. I had been guilty of having the same sort of prejudice against him that others had had against me.

As I said when I started my story, it would seem so easy to condemn people for dismissing my friendship because I was different, but I can't, because I do the same thing. That was the lesson I learned that day, and it was one I greatly needed. That's why I decided to write these words; I think others need this reminder, too. Please remember this: It might be so easy to hate others for noticing and criticizing your differences, but it's just as easy to criticize them for theirs.

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WHY DINOSAURS NEVER BECAME PHILOSOPHERS

CHARLES R. DE CHARLEROY, JR.

The sun shone brightly upon the steamy primordial forest of mighty conifers and towering tree ferns. Nibbling lightly upon a rather bitter-tasting horsetail, a typical therapod within its herd mildly contemplated if it might be worth venturing to the plains to graze the succulent flowering plants, which were a relatively recent evolutionary addition to their previously monotonous vegetable menu. The herd apparently thought the gamble worthwhile, and began to move in the direction of the fields.

Hesitant to join the rest, the lone thoughtful therapod waited, contemplating the move a little more deeply than the rest. Out there, faster predators prowled the dense patchy thickets and waited to pounce upon the unwary when the herd passed by. The slender, swift raptors which could appear in a flash and leap upon their prey, rending with huge and horrible hooked claws were an ever-present danger.

Soon quite alone, the therapod bit off another bitter frond and stood, sanguinely chewing it. Perhaps the flowers would be worth the risk after all. In retrospect, the chances stood that he wouldn't be the one the carnivores caught. There was... how to put it? His brain strained to come up with a description of the idea... safety in numbers. Yes, that pictured the plan nicely. But what was this thing his brain was doing? It had done this all his life, giving him pictures of things that hadn't yet happened so he could plan ahead, deciding to take a different turn through a flooded river, allowing others to try marshy ground first in case of sinkholes or quicksand.

None of the rest of the herd seemed to have thoughts in their heads. These pictures in the mind had confused him for as long as he could remember, and the remembrance itself was an oddity. The others didn't demonstrate any ability to recall things from long ago, or to appreciate the finer qualities of sights, sounds, and smells around them. While the herd would gorge itself as quickly as possible, he would occasionally find a heartier leaf, a more tender stem, or a sweeter flower, and take his time savoring the varied gustatory sensations. And sometimes a plant possessed such intricate details and fascinating form that he simply couldn't bear to eat it, sometimes even standing guard over it until the herd moved on to protect its marvelousness.

At dawn, when the bright circle of light and warmth rose into the sky or sank beneath the trees, often an array of dazzling colors sprang into being for a time, only to vanish as mysteriously as they appeared. None of the others noticed the subtle changes from day to night; not the glistening of the dewdrops or the sparkle of the

© likeshine

cold crystals that melted into water when blown upon or touched, which appeared on the tough grasses in the highest hills they'd once passed over on a migration. He saw things the rest did not; they simply existed in their world, passing through like shadows, while he could truly sense its movements and changes and wonder about them, part of it all and yet separated into himself. He could do something different; he was different from the rest. He could understand more. He suddenly became aware that he was aware.

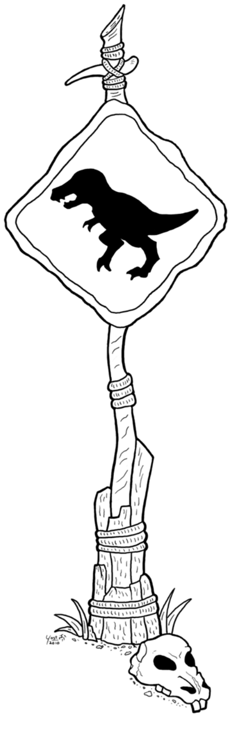
He stopped in his journey to rejoin the herd. There was something far more important he had to do. He had to understand himself. He needed someplace quiet and still, a place to think and find that understanding. In a secluded thicket of dense cycads beneath some spreading ginkgo trees, he crouched down and allowed the images and ideas to wrestle about in his head. Minutes became hours, and the brilliant colors of evening burned in the west around the sinking ball when at last he leapt to his feet with an astounding epiphany shining through his mind. He knew at last!

He felt as light as a feather drifting down from an archaeopteryx in flight as he dashed from the brush to find his herd. It didn't matter if they couldn't understand a bit of it, he simply had to tell someone about this great marvel of thought he'd discovered.

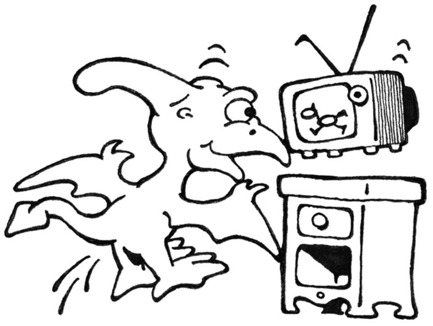
These thoughts, this new state of being he'd awakened to, took him away from the blank existence of all other living things, and yet it also united him to the entire world as the awareness surpassed and surrounded everything. The world was suddenly new with so many possibilities. He understood the world and understood himself. He was a living thing, aware of his being, and in his absolute enlightenment, for the first time an intelligent voice broke triumphantly through the primeval world, "I think, therefore I–"

The first sentient mind in the history of Earth vanished into the bone-crushing jaws of the Tyrannosaurus Rex which had been prowling the forest edge searching for stragglers of the herbivore herds. It didn't seem to see any significance in the life it had ended, nor find any qualities of the brain of the victim it consumed any different from any of many others it had eaten. Neither did it contemplate its place in the food chain, nor the cycle of life, nor its own state of existence continued by the deaths of many other living things. Indeed, if one could manage to put the synaptic sputtering into words while it feasted upon the remains of the world's first genius, the most complex thought one would read would amount to little more than, "Want eat more."

In this realm of predators and prey; in this time of terrible lizards, there was no time to think.



© Hunter Bahamut



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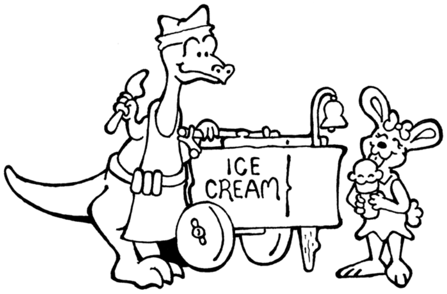

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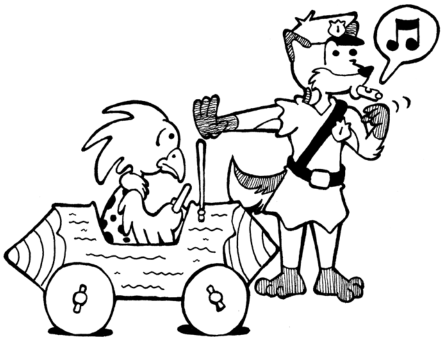

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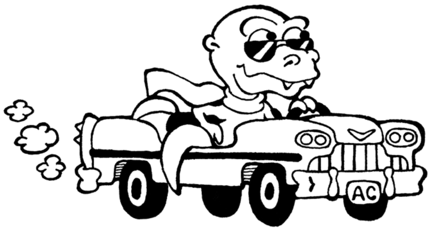

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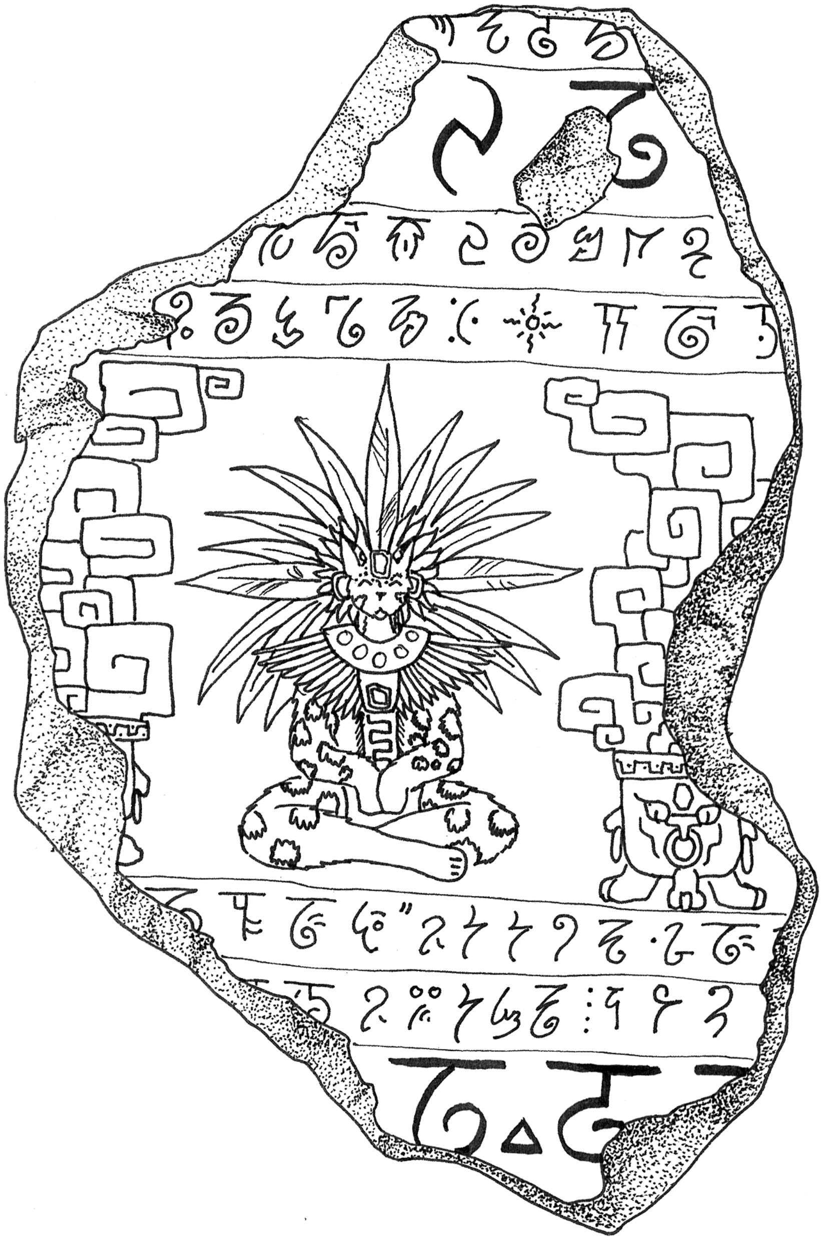
© Yamer

To Anthrocon

© Sheri Myers



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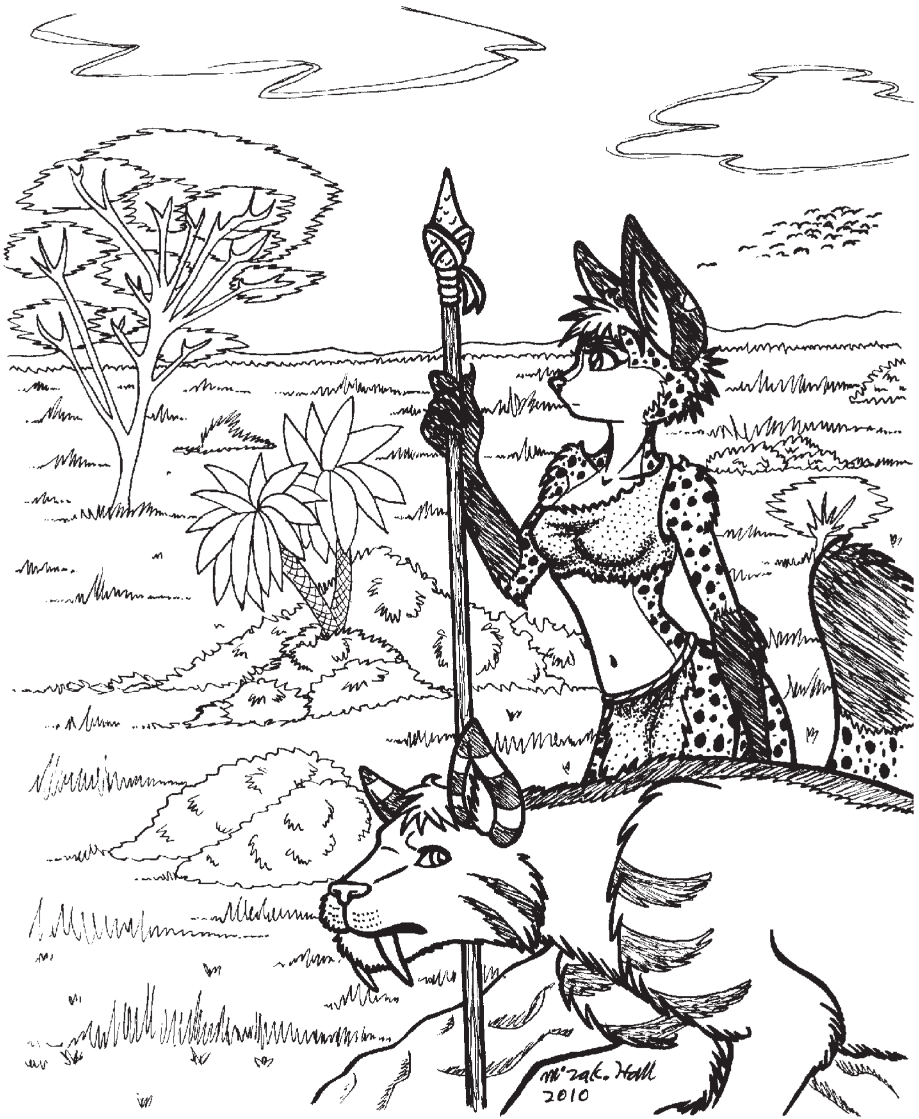
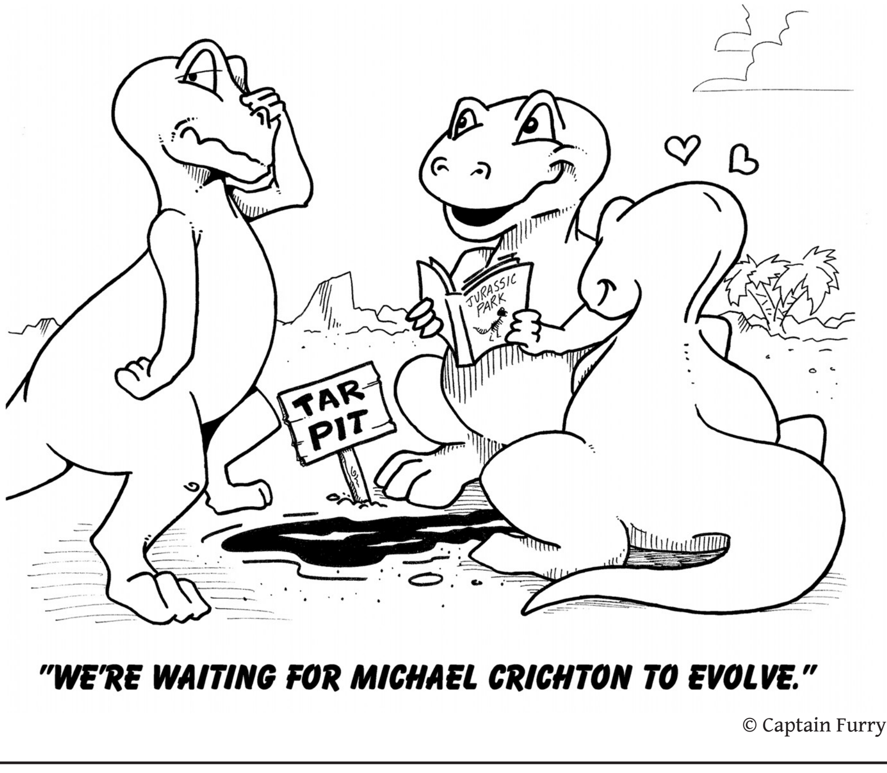
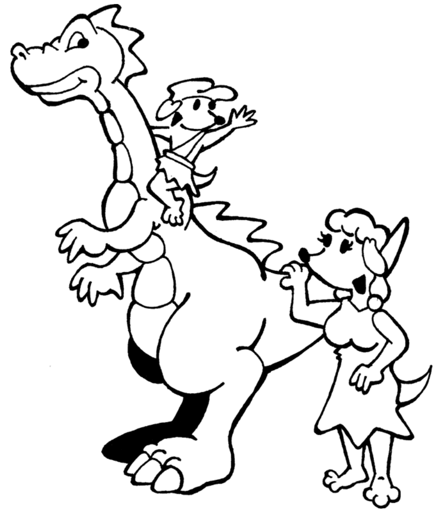


© Mira K. Hall



"WE'RE WAITING FOR MICHAEL CRICHTON TO EVOLVE."

© Captain Furry



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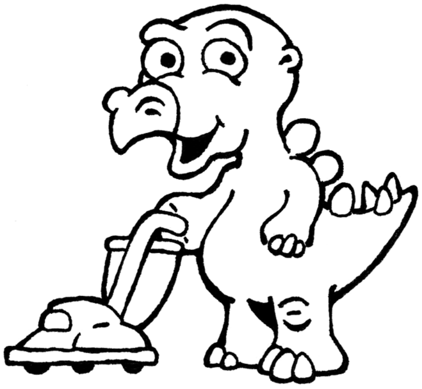

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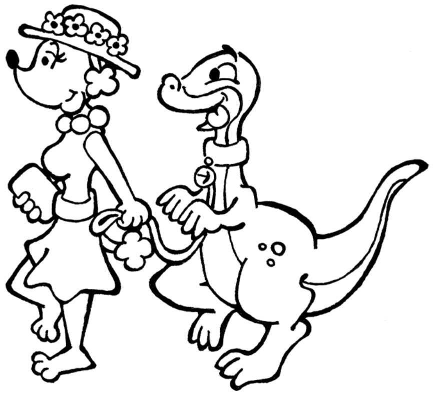

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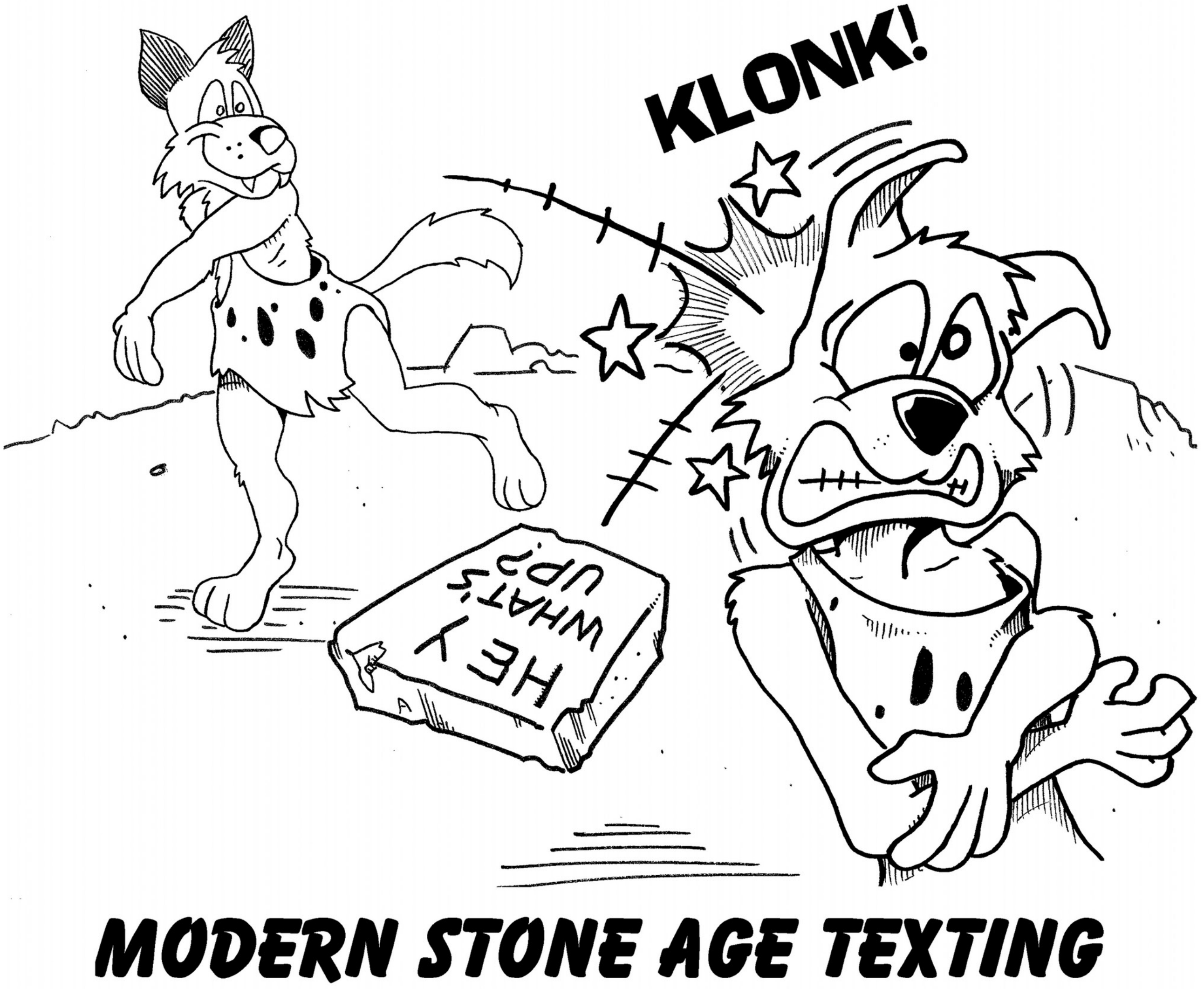
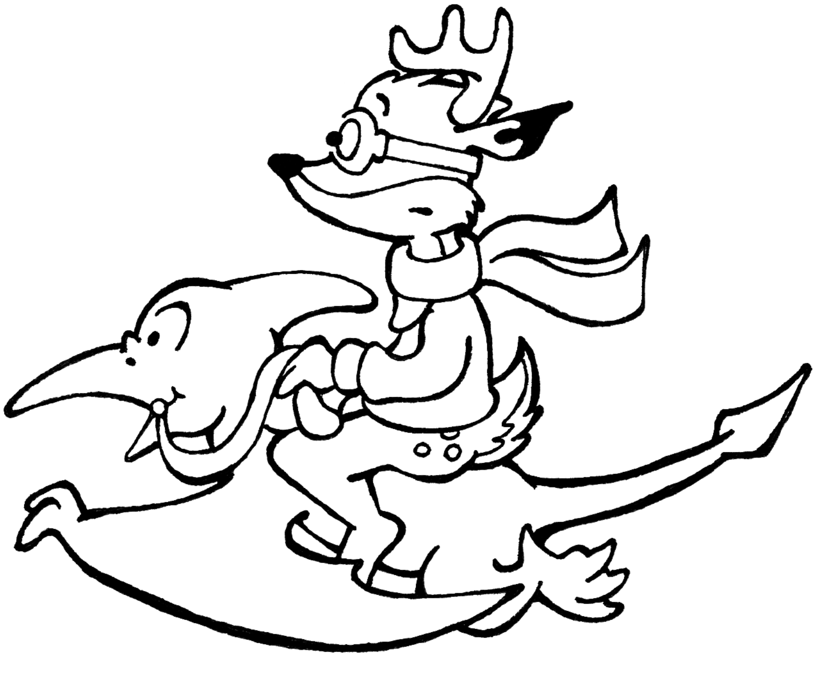
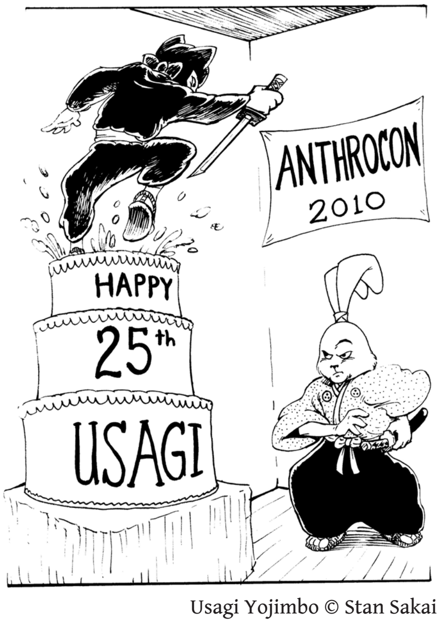

KLONK!
HEY WHAT'S UP?
MODERN STONE AGE TEXTING

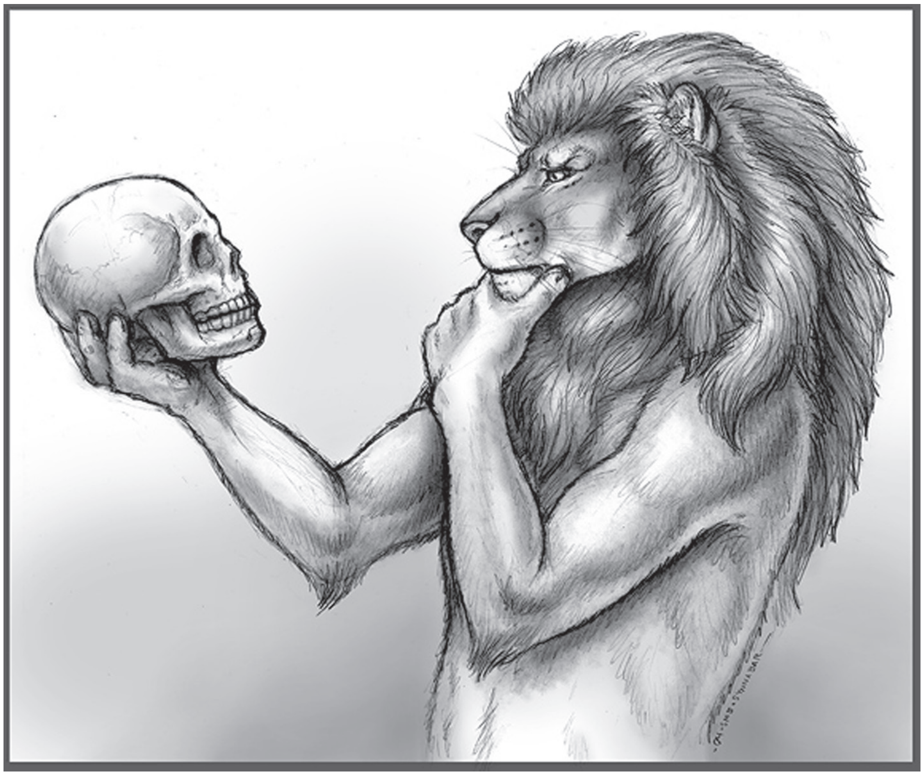
© Captain Furry




ANTHROCON 2010
HAPPY
25th
USAGI

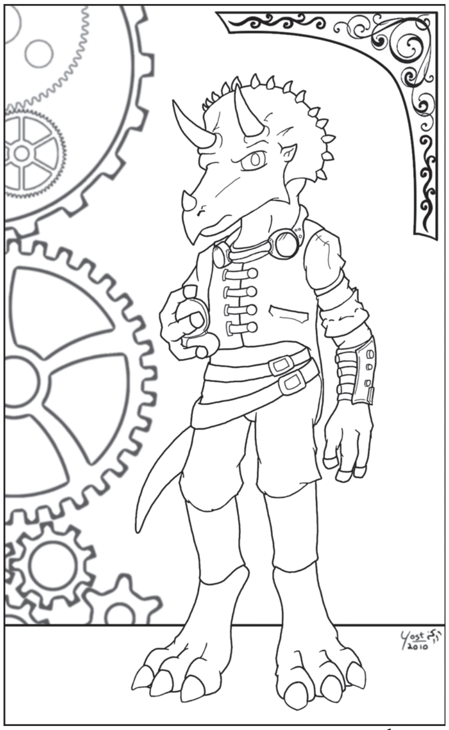
Usagi Yojimbo © Stan Sakai
Artwork © Chanitlly Cat

© Robert "Bucky" Losiniecki



© Synnabar

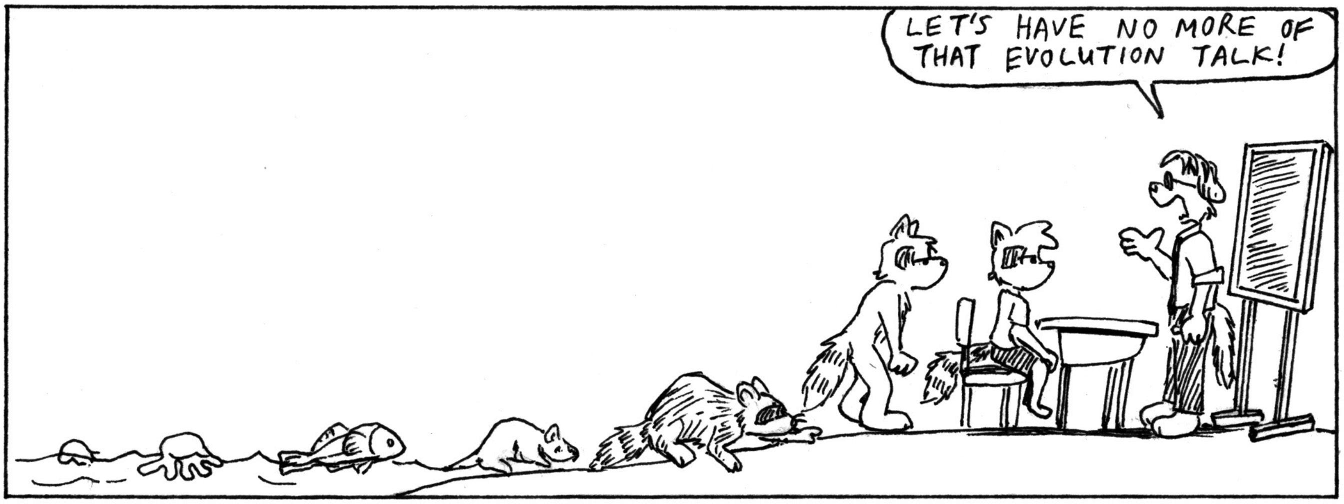
© Synnabar

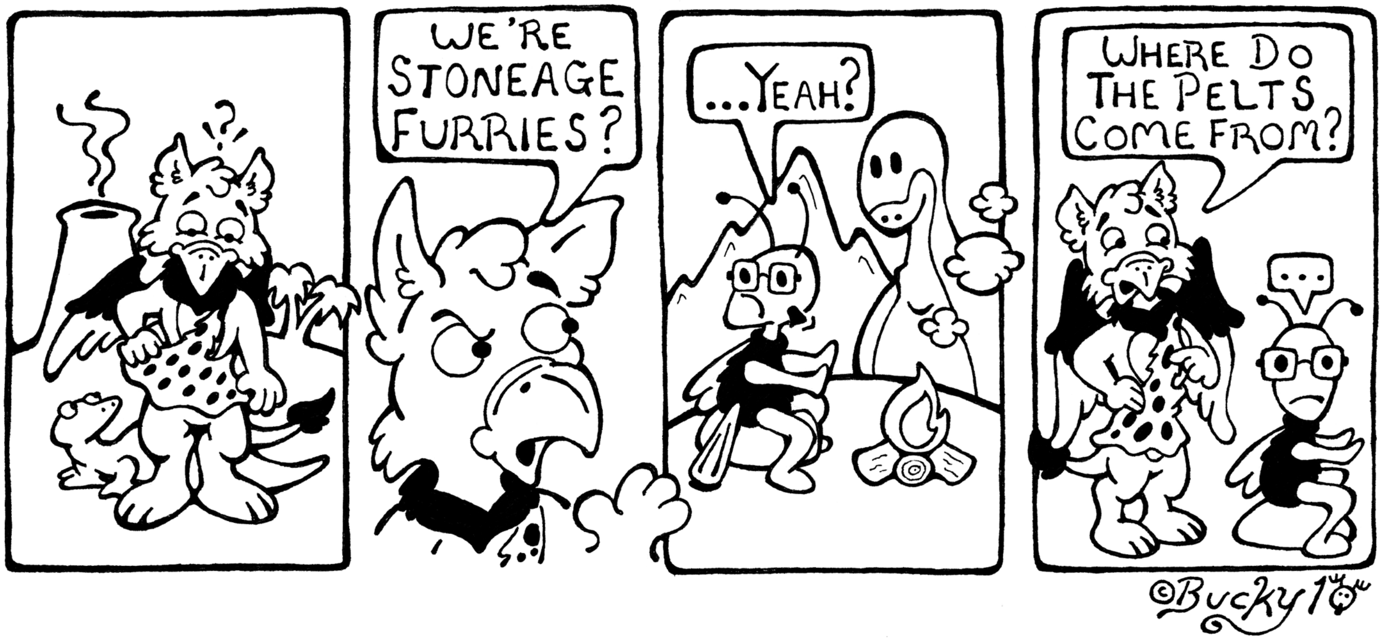


© Hunter Bahamut

LIMPIDITY

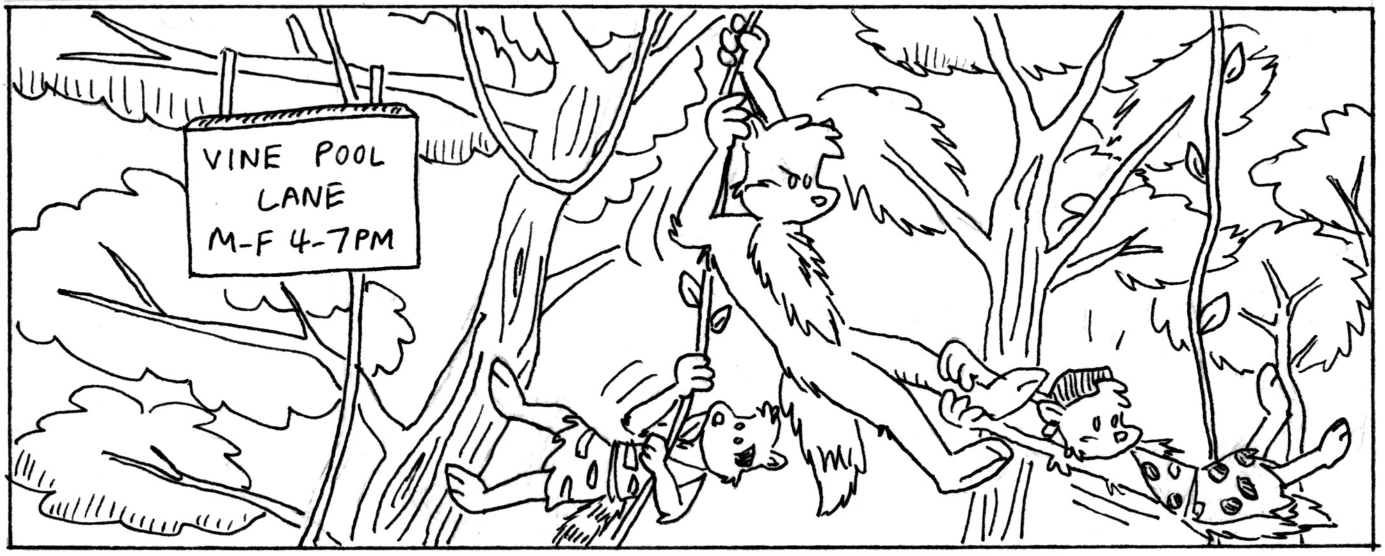
Po Shan Cheah

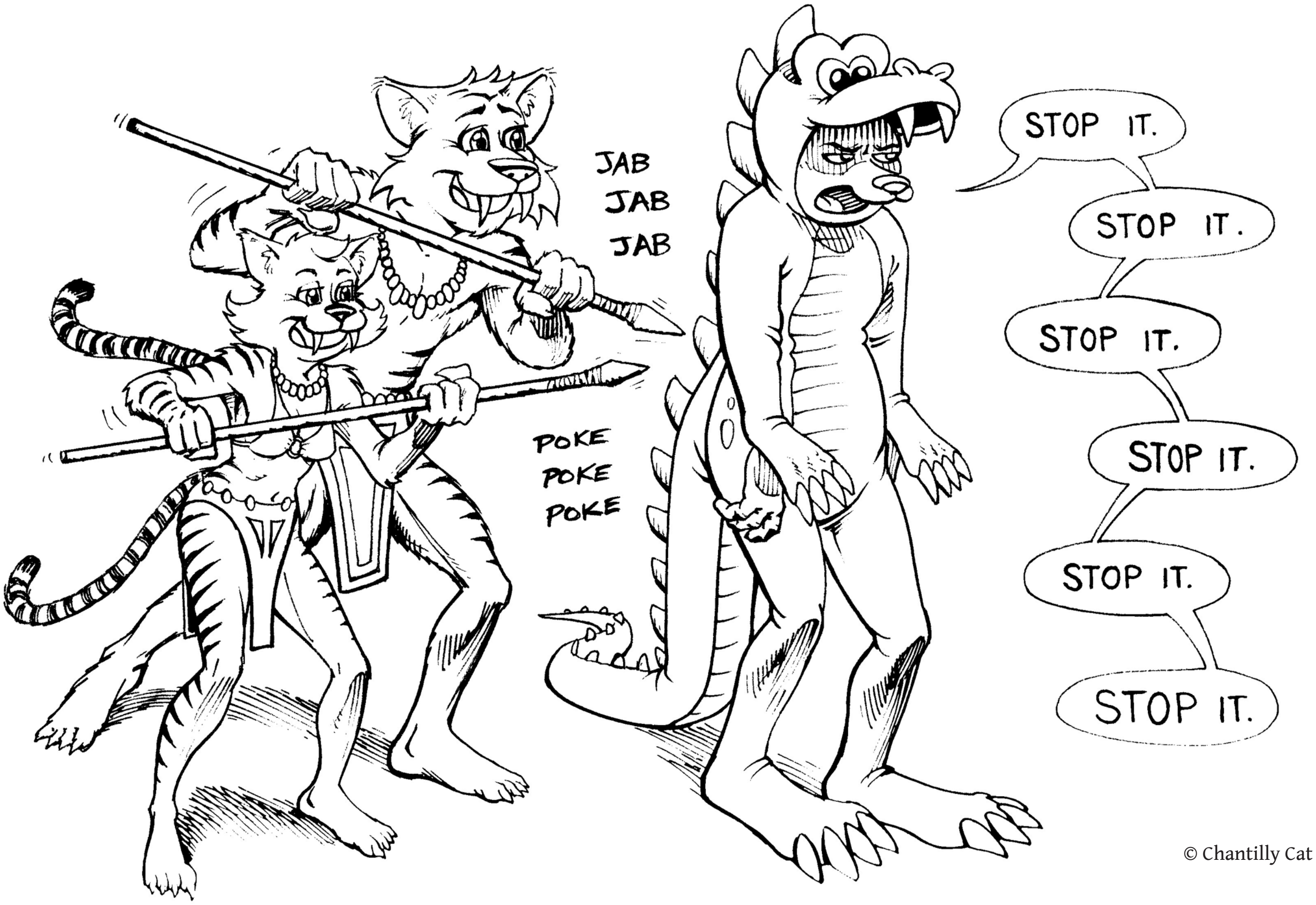

LET'S HAVE NO MORE OF THAT EVOLUTION TALK!


!?
WE'RE STONEAGE FURRIES?
...YEAH?
WHERE DO THE PELTS COME FROM?
...
©Bucky10

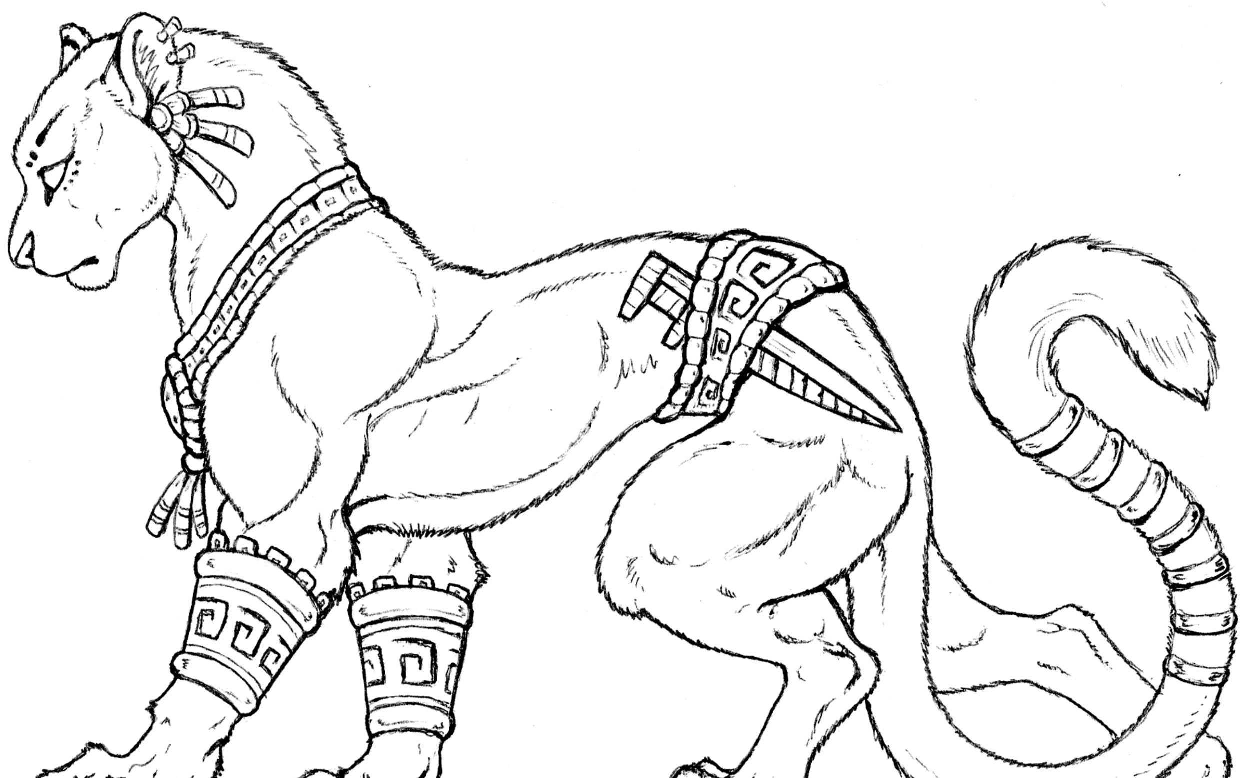
LIMPIDITY

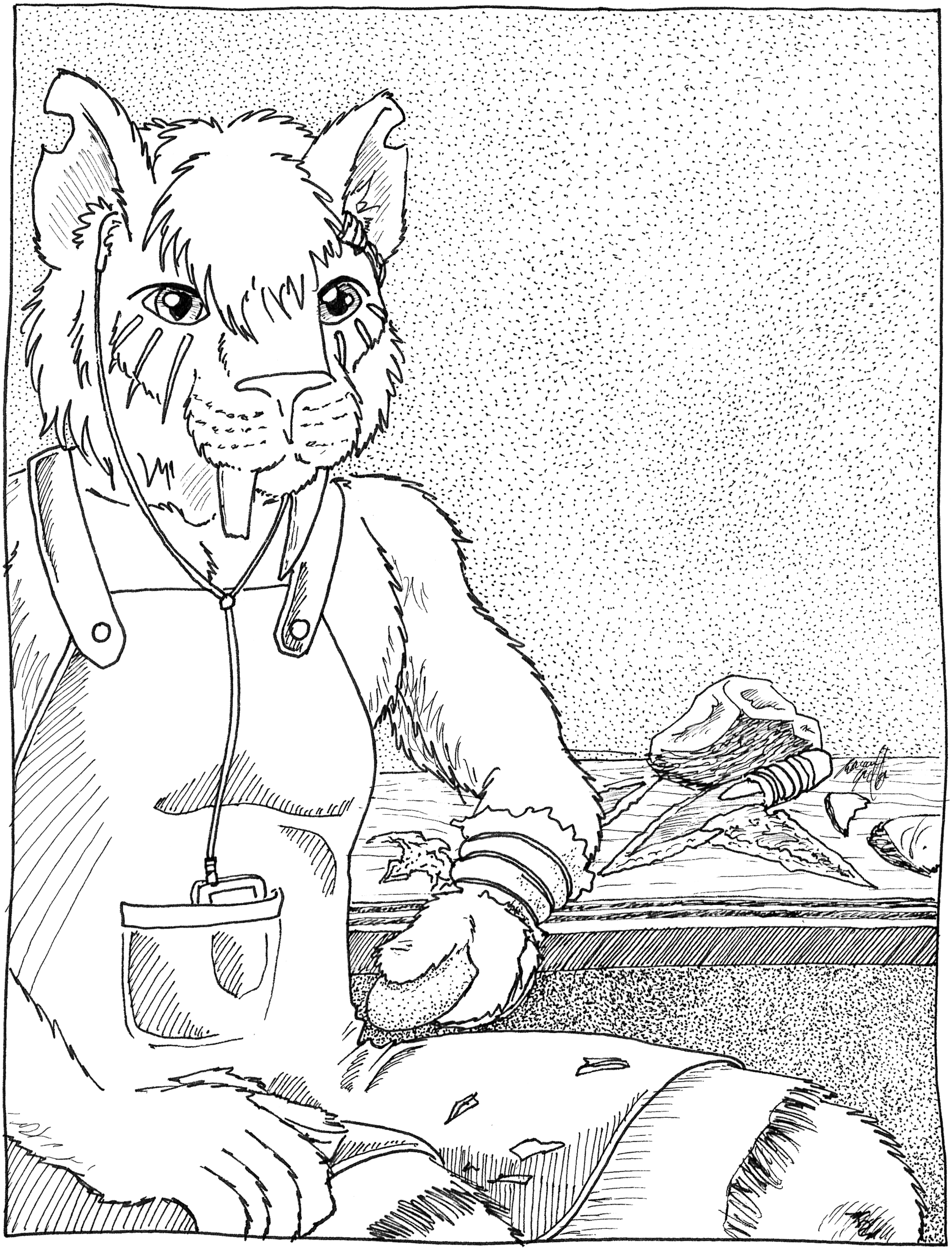
Po Shan Cheah


VINE POOL LANE M-F 4-7PM


JAB
JAB
JAB
POKE
POKE
POKE
STOP IT.
STOP IT.
STOP IT.
STOP IT.
STOP IT.
STOP IT.

© Chantilly Cat


SM BITTLER
SYNNABAR • 1994 / 2006



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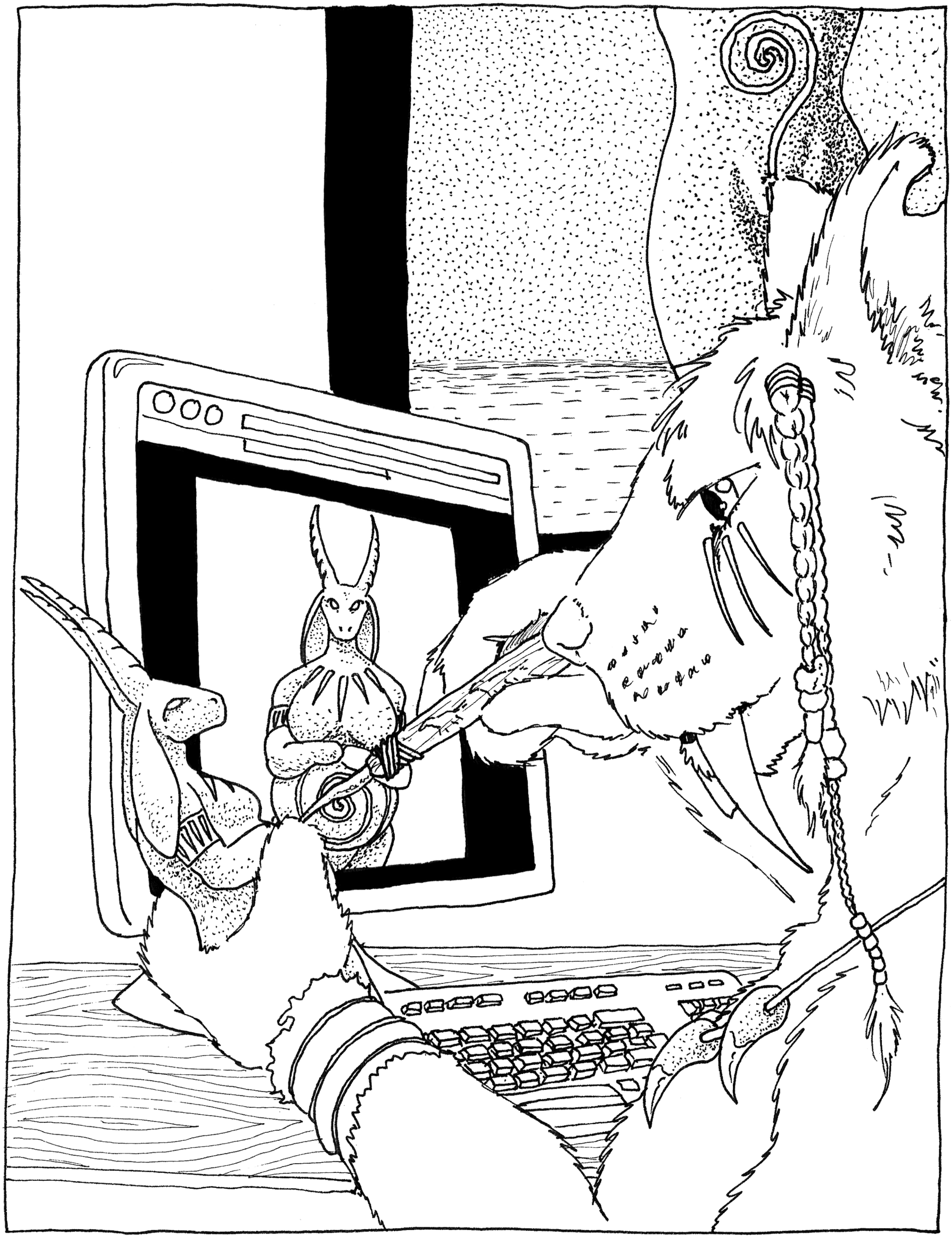

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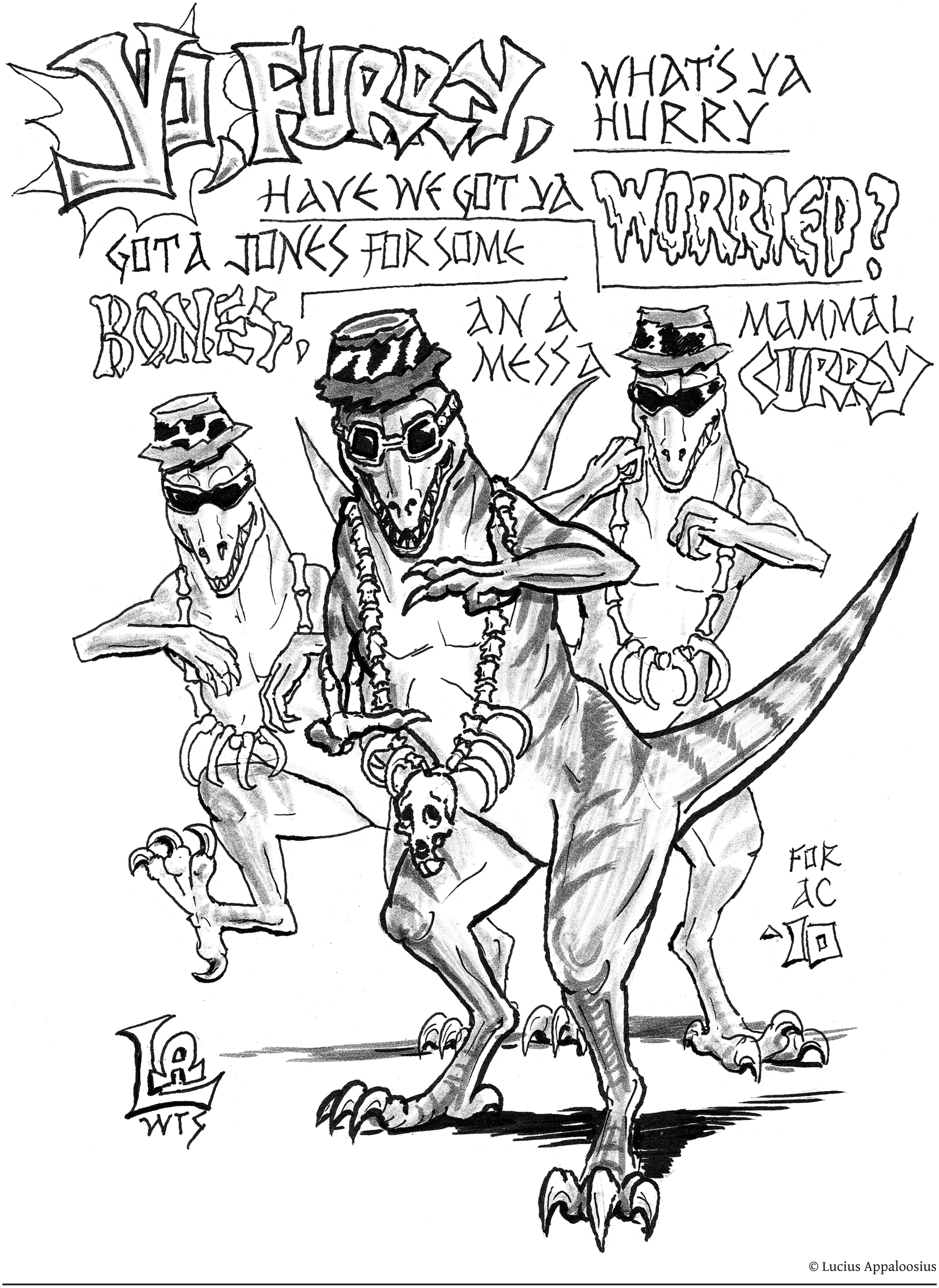
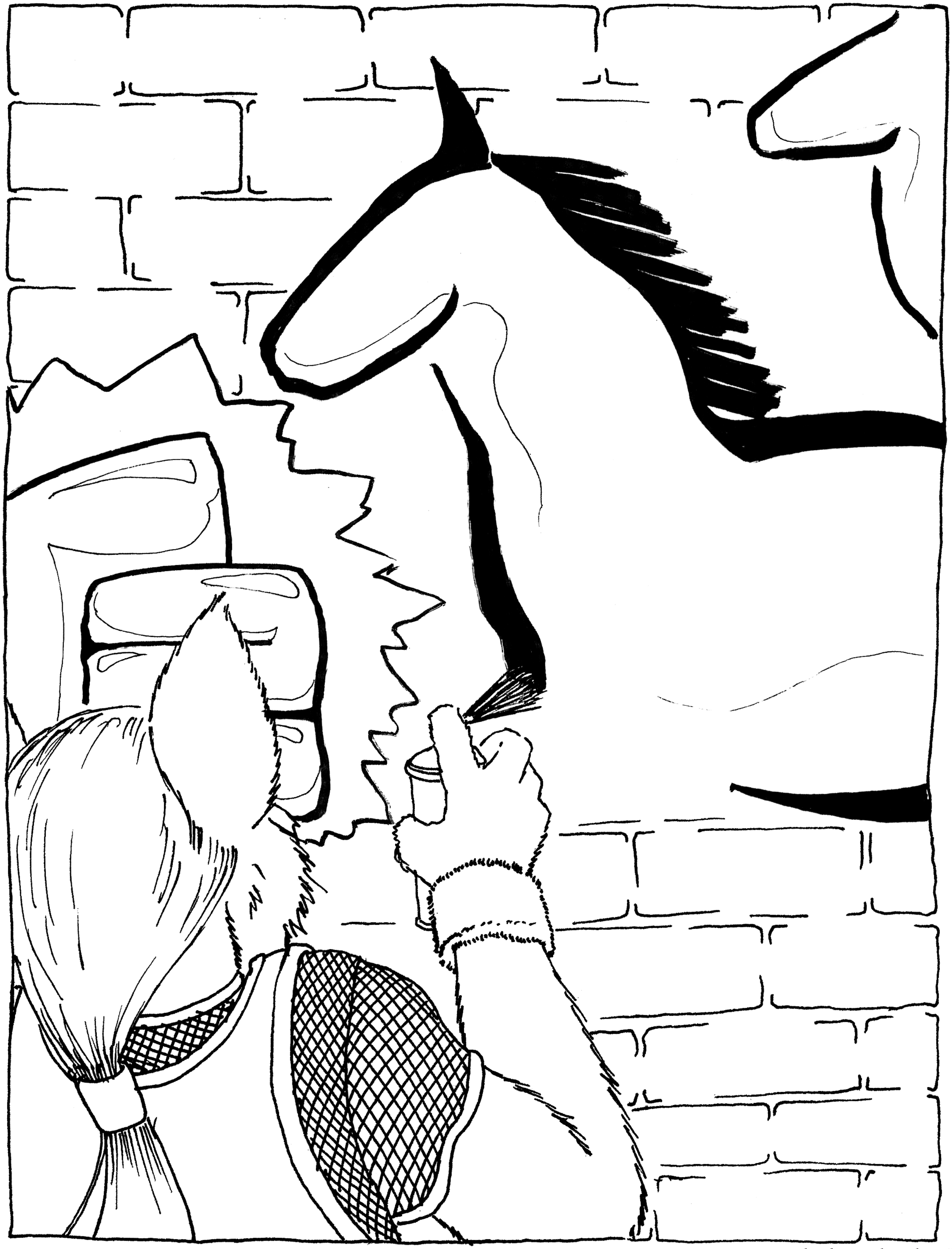

YO FURRY,
WHAT'S YA HURRY
HAVE WE GOT YA WORRIED?
GOT A JONES FOR SOME BONES,
AN A MESSA MAMMAL CURRY
FOR AC '10
LA WTS

© Lucius Appaloosius



© Theadeaus "Akira Shima"

FILL IN THE BLANKS

C. LAWRENCE WENHAM

The team and I called her Sylvia because of the silver shine of her coat. She had curved fingers and toes like you'd find in an animal that climbed the trees. She had a pointed snout and fangs like a predator, but also the bunodont molars of an omnivore. When we let her out of her cage, she escaped through an open window and scaled the Biology tower. Andrew climbed out to the ledge of the thirteenth floor and found her cradling a baby starling. He reached a hand out to her, and that's when she jumped. One-hundred-forty feet she fell, but we found no body.

Chief Raichlen promised us the cooperation of the city's force in the search for Sylvia, and for ten days every blue-suited man was on the street with a photograph of our fugitive, a peanut chocolate bar, and a taser. But Raichlen eventually came back to our lab and put her photo, her favorite treat, and a handful of silver fur onto the examination table.

"I'm sorry, Professor Thompson. We have to stop, now."

My hand fell on the snatch of silver and spread the threads apart between my fingers. "Where did you find this?"

"On subway tracks, I'm afraid. At the Three-and-Bessel Street station."

At Three-and-Bessel Street station I found Carl Philips asleep in newsprint with the lights knocked out of him by a bottle of Old Hen. I knew I should talk to him by the delicate garnish of silver on his woolen, hooded winter coat. And so I sat with my back against the graffiti wall with a thermos until Carl coughed himself awake.

I said, "Here, drink some of this," and held my hand out with a plastic cup of steaming liquid.

"What proof is it?"

"Nothing, it's just coffee. It's got some sugar in it."

Carl was disappointed, but not enough to turn down free breakfast. Within a half-hour, I had him in conversation. "Yeah, I saw that beast that dwelt in these sewers. I heard her cry. I been there when they come lookin', too. And as I'm sittin' here, I say I even touched it, near as it came close to me. Fangs and claws and pointed ears an' all. Damn near ripped my throat out, it did. Now, haven' you a drop more?"

I poured the steaming brew till the cup spilled, but Carl was oblivious to any pain. There was a day-old scar on his wrist drawing all the attention away from mere hot fluid. "Ah, you're a champion, y'know," he said and swigged

TRIP!
OOF!
....E·FUR·LUTION....
Color by: Jinsei @ FA

© KwiK

it like a shooter. "But alas, she was run under by the wheels of that train there, see? You can make out the blood on its steely radiator."

I looked over at the train just coming into the station, and my eyes flicked to the grille covering the power resistors that provided braking power. There was a rusty red stain splattered over them, but that could have been the corrosive remains of someone's soda. I wondered if I could have that train stopped and swabbed.

"A shame," continued Carl. "She only seemed to wanta crust 'o bread to feed that damn budgie."

I had been doubting the old geezer's tale until that moment, and at that moment I thought about the baby starling with fused eyelids and a beak bigger than its head, wings that couldn't catch a drift, and feathers that looked like they were glued on by a teenager. Sylvia had clutched it to her tummy all the way down the tower, and we'd though it was her prey.

"What about that starling?" I asked.

"Huh? Why for heavens? That bird, small lika thumb, was all it cared about. I saw the beast gore a man for wantin' to step on it. He went to the hospital on a stretcher with an arm full of drugs. 'Dat bastard. He had a wound that went from here," he gestured to just under his left ear, "down 'ta here," his finger followed across his breast to his right hip. "I swore to me and my own I'd never cross her for that, damn budgie or whatever it was. Bleak little bird. Why do you suppose a monster with claws as long as my finger would care for a baby budgie like that? Not much room in her tummy it could fill, that's for sure. A ball of feathers and nowt."

© Yamer

Away from the station, my head ached with consternation. What a puzzle! Was this a surrogate behavior? Had Sylvia imprinted in the absence of her own natural child?

We raised our Sylvia from dirt in the womb of a dog, unbreathing on delivery until we shocked her back to life. She was the eighth experiment and the only one to open her eyes after two weeks, as pups three, five and seven died of heart or respiratory failure before then. The rest were stillborn.

Strictly speaking, Sylvia was a mongrel. Most of her pattern was destroyed by time–seventeen million years of it–and these gaps we had to fill in, piece by piece from the patterns of modern animals.

The genes for Sylvia's thyroid came from a jackal. Her lymphocytes came from a German Shepherd. Instructions to synthesize tyrosine came from a breed of wild grass. So she was not, *in the strictest sense*, a genuine specimen of Lake Windigo *lupus sapiens*, but then neither are we strictly a complete *homo sapiens*. Two-thirds of our genome are missing and have to be provided by eating the plants and animals that are hiding the rest of it, lest we die of malnutrition.

And thus we wondered: perhaps the bird had something we forgot.

Maynard Chelsea, or “Nardo” and a bioinformatics type, was directly-indirectly responsible for the outcome of the Ambrose project. What we did was load an incomplete sequence into his program's input stream, then use a DNA synthesizer on the program's output. Somewhere in the middle was a batch job that broke out the missing parts into crowd-sourced jobs. If you had an Internet account and could pass a test for basic genetics proficiency, then you could earn five bucks a task by matching the two ends of a phosphate-sugar chain with a segment of amino acids from some other animal. Somebody else could earn two-fifty by verifying that it expressed the missing protein in question.

“Can you show me who filled in Sylvia's blanks?” I asked Nardo.

© Yamer

“Nope. Privacy restriction. Amazon don't release that stuff,” and Nardo turned back to his screen, tuning me out.

“Okay, but can you give me a list of sources, like what animals it all came from?”

“Ah, prob'ly not,” came the reluctant reply.

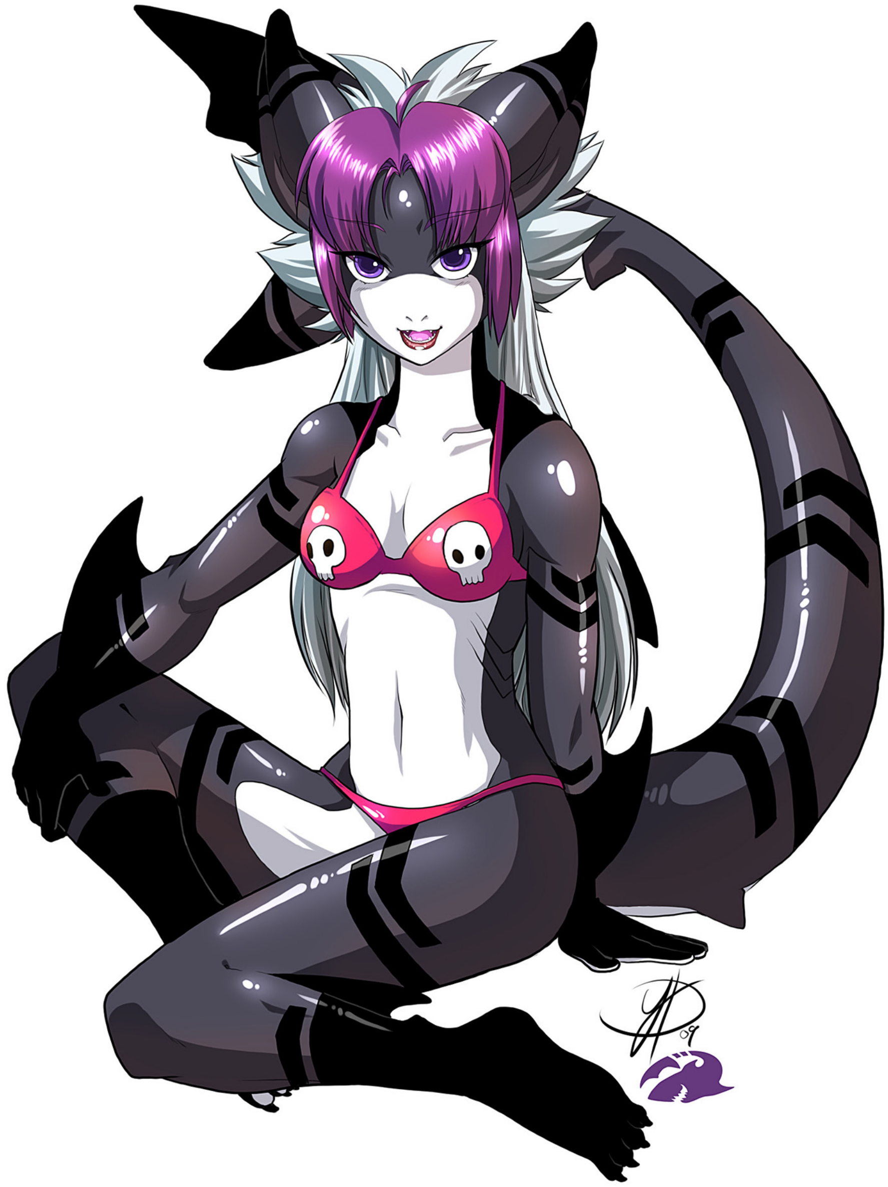
“Why not?”

“That stuff about the jackal and the hemp was made up, you know? There was a bug in the validation stage, so we, like, just resubmitted the match-up task five more times and used whatever sequences came back more than once. And we didn't record the source species because that was supposed to be the Proof Of Work for the validation task.”

I ran some mental arithmetic on nineteen thousand missing alleles, multiplied by five, multiplied by five bucks. “You spent half a million dollars of the foundation's money because you didn't want to fix a bug?”

“Not my money.”

Our office entertained sighting reports over the next few weeks while I pieced together the history of Sylvia's crowdsourced genome. This time I used something less fickle than



© Yamer

Mechanical Turks: little chips dabbed with antibodies that fluoresced in the presence of a specific gene. A full analysis would take months, but early on I saw something interesting glow under my microscope. It was a gene from an Emperor Penguin that was expressed in the medial preoptic area, the seat of maternal response.

Two nights later, I returned to the subway station on Three-and-Bessel, with a warrant, a dart gun, a bird-watcher's tent, and a camera with night-vision and a long lens. And in a cage, under a dark cloth, I carried something special with me.

The authorities shut the gate on the station's entrance and the drivers were told to skip this stop. I set up the tent, put the camera on a tripod, set down the cage twenty yards down the platform, and pushed a fluffy-ended cartridge of fentanyl into the dart gun. In the blackness of the snuffed station lighting I sat, counted the hours, and took peeks through the camera's viewfinder.

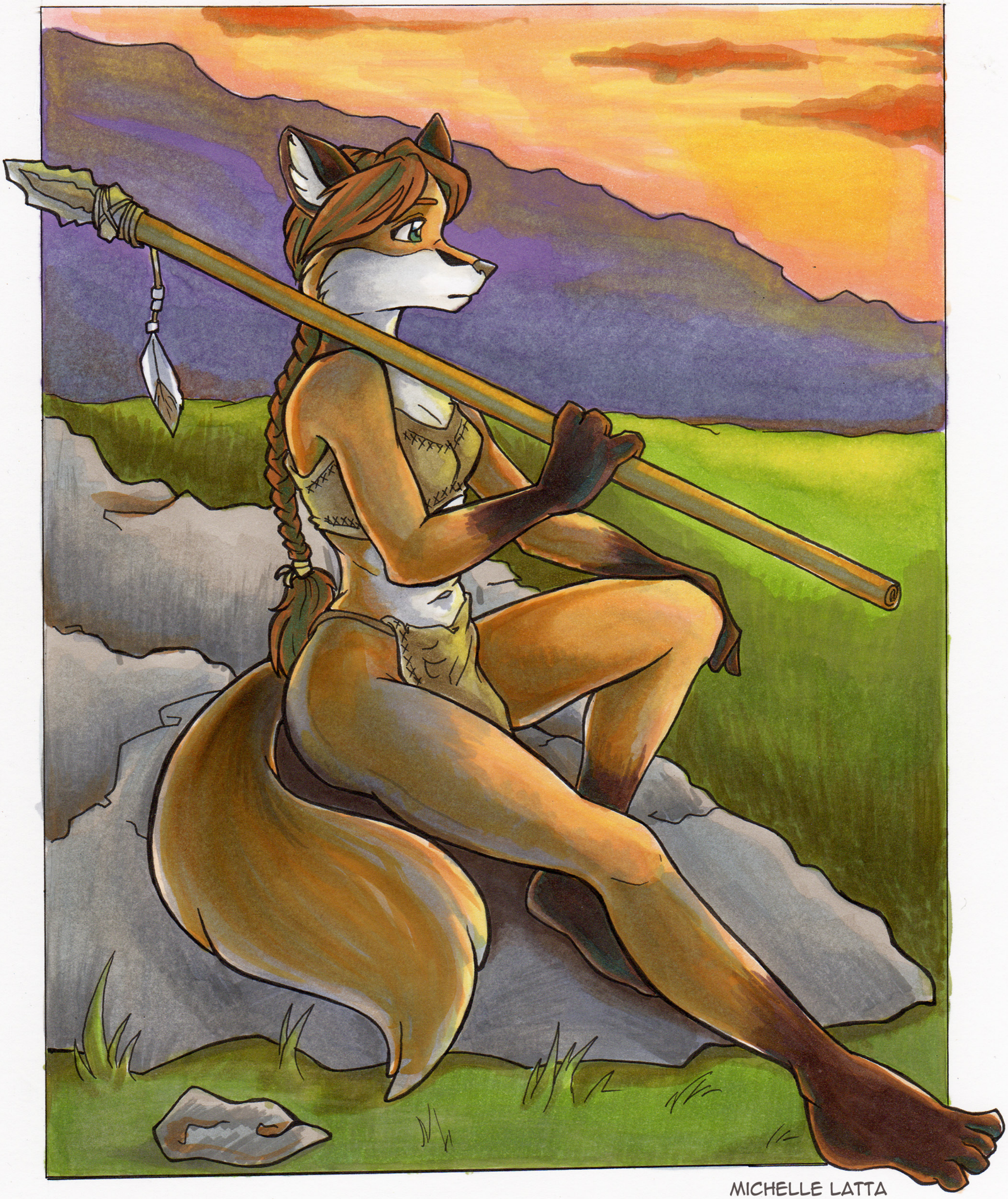
After about an hour, I heard a shuffling noise and put my eye to the viewfinder again. A shape in a long dark coat limped across the platform and came to a stop before a candy vending machine forty yards away. It produced an unfolded coat-hanger wire and appeared to start working on the dispenser slot at the bottom of the machine. The camera's zoom lens and night-vision translated the reflection of infra-red light into the visible spectrum.

The figure–hidden by the hood of the coat–wasn't working on the candy vending machine, but on a newspaper machine next to it. The coat-hanger wire was being pushed through the coin return slot and deep into the machine. The figure wriggled it around until something small and shiny dropped onto the floor, followed by another and another. Quarters. It picked up the coins, shuffled over to the candy machine and proceeded to make a purchase.

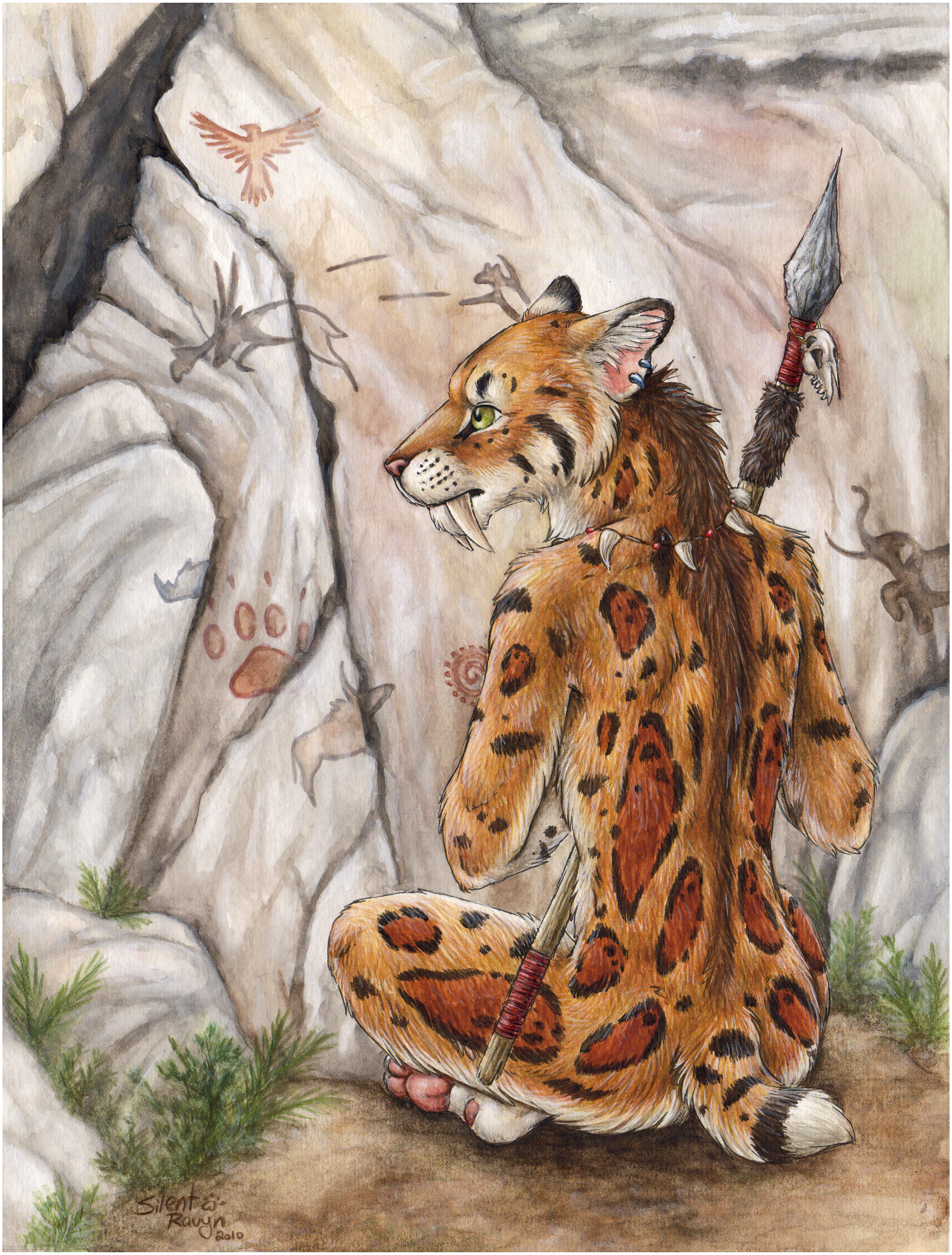
I was reaching for my notepad, aching to write notes, when a syrupy cheep erupted from the little cage halfway between me and the figure on the platform. The figure froze. My hair stood on end. In the space of a second, the figure crossed those twenty yards and stood poised over the cage. The coat had been shrugged off, and there was Sylvia, opening the cage latch and cupping the baby robin in her paws. It cheeped at her, and she produced a wriggling worm from somewhere and dropped it into its gaping beak. I dropped my notepad and it clattered to the floor, the sound muffled under the birdwatcher's tent, but Sylvia's ears picked it up like radar and she crouched instinctively, looking straight at me.

In the viewfinder I saw her eyes shining back at me, her tapetum lucidum reflecting the infrared light. She'd grown bigger since her escape. Her fangs seemed longer. In the near dark, I gently opened the chamber of the tranquilizer gun and removed the dart. She'd moved so quickly and had changed so much, I feared fentanyl wouldn't act fast enough. I looked down at the kit, groping for the cartridge of etorphine. There was another cheep. I fumbled the cartridge into the chamber and clicked it shut, then looked through the viewfinder. But I'd missed my chance. I zoomed back out, spread the beam of the IR spotlight across the platform, across the tracks, and into the tunnel.

Sylvia was gone, and so was the bird.



MICHELLE LATTA


Silent-Ravyn
2010

Anthrocon 2010 Staff

Alex 'Warlock' Krumwiede
Security

Alex Krumwiede lives in Grand Rapids, MI, and works as a freelance illustrator and animator. He creates his own animated web-series, 'Nightmares In The Dark', and is working on making it self-sustaining. He's been working Anthrocon for several years in security, as well as doing art in the Artist's Alley, and hopes to make an impression hawking his wares in the Art Show and Dealer's Room. You can find more of his work at *http://www.RedBladeStudios.com/*

Allison Ruby
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

AlphaWolf (Erin Washington)
Dance / AV

Registered too late to have a bio in the conbook. Stupid, stupid brain, always getting him into trouble.

Amaruq
Internet Room

Almost local, Amaruq wanders down from the mountains of Western PA to help out at the Internet Room. Among the other projects he's crafted something special in the workshop for his other favorite event, the Charity Auction/ Raffle (Sunday Afternoon).

Amras, aka THE VOICE
Registration

This is Amras' third year attending, and third year working for Anthrocon and he's stoked to be back. Also known as THE VOICE, this polah dag is crazy chill and would like to party with all the fly shawtys. WHAT?! OKAY! (Also graciously accepts donations of Dr. P or imperial porters at any time.)

Andy Oxenreider
Photography

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

Anita Muth (Giza's Mom)
Artists' Alley / Con Store

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Invention of the..? PaW?
KwiK 2010
Color by: Jinsei @ FA
© KwiK

Anne Passovoy, DI
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

AquaFox
Registration

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Arctic
Art Show, Registration

Arctic aka. 'Arcticwolf is a charter member of Anthrocon and has been con staff every year including the first 'Albany Anthrocon' in 1997. He has worked in Security, Registration, and in the Art Show.

Arrow Quivershaft
Programming

Twenty-three year old college student from Wisconsin heading into the IT field. Has a red-tailed hawk as his avatar. Hobbies include biking, submarine research, writing, video games, and metal music. If you see him, feel free to stop him and say hi!

Ashe Valisca
Programming

He's back, moving from Publications to Programming, he is now working exclusively on the writing track working to create an even more successful place for writers to workshop within the fandom.

Atraties
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

Becca
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Blastdav
Registration

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

Bookie
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Borkti
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

Brian Harris (Rigel)
Board of Directors (Charity)

Originally from Rochester, NY, Brian has been active in the fan community since 1992.

He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY in 1997 while in college, and currently resides in Leesburg, VA. His past experience with conventions include being a Masquerade director for eleven years, a DJ for ten years, and he has run multiple gaming panels. This will be Brian's fourteenth year as director of the Anthrocon Charity Auction.

CalaverX11
Dance / AV
Every 150 years or so, one man comes along who changes everything. This man makes the world bow to his whim. This man makes the people his slaves. This man has very important things to say. This man does not take no for an answer. This man can bend steel. This man can bend time, space, and thought. This man controls the elements. This man does not fear death. This man controls life.

Callista Skip
Art Show
I don't leave Seppel Creations' Dealer's table for anything - unless it's the Art Show Staff. I'm proud to be a part of such a great team! Everyone should stop by and support the artists (and on their way, take a look at Furoticon in the Dealers' Den). *waves*

Carol Gobeyn
Security
I am a member of the Dorsai Irregulars and sit on the organization's Board of Directors. Currently I work security for about 8 conventions a year and must say that Furry conventions are the most fun. In my mundane life I work for a small not for profit in Michigan.

Chanur
Artists' Alley / Con Store
There's a convention here? No one will let me out of this room with white walls..... and they're closing in. Send food. NOW!

Chris "Nonsanity" Innanen
Programming
A long-time amateur puppeteer, best known for a series of special effects puppetry music videos. His works are released under the title Fluff & Such and can be seen at *http://fluffandsuch.com*. He's been giving panel talks on his work at Anthrocon for many years now and is happy to now help bring the art of puppetry to the whole convention.

Chris Clayton D.I.
Security
A lifelong SF fan, I didn't find fandom until after college. From then on, there was no looking back. In between a couple of hundred cons, I've helped build electric vehicles, communication systems, web sites, and a fannily. This is my sixth Anthrocon, and thirty-fifth year (Ghod, I'm old) as a Dorsai.

Colin FoxTail
Programming
This midwestern fox has been attending Anthrocon since 2004, and is proud to be helping the convention this year as a first-time staff member. He's a generally friendly creature...but please, don't mistake him for 2. (He hates that.)

creature
Charity
Can I sleep this year? Please? Jerks.

Crimson
Security
Cave Lupum.

Crossbow
Art Show
Just an Art Show junkie back for another year of fun.

Cryo Cyberwolf
Logistics
"Hey! I see you taking that radio. Get back here and sign it out!" This armored arctic wolf isn't one to fool around with. Take something from his supply room, you better bring it back or you will end up a frozen popsicle due to his freeze ray. This is Cryo's second Anthrocon as co-head of the Logistics staff.

Dan
Dance / AV
A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Dan Jarrell, D.I.
Security
I think I've identified the first historic Furry convention. Harfleur, France, in 1415. It was there Henry V exhorted his troops to imitate the actions of the tiger.

Therefore, in the spirit of the organizer of perhaps the first Furry convention, I will be back for my third Anthrocon as part of the DI contingent.

I hope you all have enough fun that you want to come back, but not so much that you can't.

Dan Skunk
Art Show
I've been a furry for as long as I can remember, but only found the fandom in 2003. I've been attending Anthrocon since 2003, decided to volunteer in 2007 and became staff the next year. Looking forward to having fun helping out and meeting interesting people again. I love helping furries find each other and organize things, and run a web site for furs in

© Yamer

Ontario, Canada: *www.ontariofurries.ca*.

DAN 'TAKAZA' HAUSCHILD

ARTISTS' ALLEY / CON STORE

Takaza has been part of the fandom for 15 years now, having helped herd at many conventions and herding papers together. When not herding, Takaza works for a huge conglomerate, ensuring the data is in the right place. That isn't herding, is it?

DANRUK ROOFACE

PROGRAMMING

Danruk is coming in to 2010 with the same old usual things. He's been happy to assist in the past on the Artists' Alley, Con Store, and in more recent years on the Charity Auction and Masquerade.

The newer things are the addition of "Rooface" with the thanks to Tsune Shikoi and Shade the Crow. Chances are Danruk will again be backstage for Masquerade and again co-hosting the Marsupial Madness Meet 'n Greet with Fuzzyroo.

Be sure to say hello.

DARI

REGISTRATION

Has it really been five of these already? Seriously? The saying is quite true... time flies when you're having fun. See you at registration!

DARKCLAW

INTERNET ROOM

Now in his 11th year of staffing Anthrocon, Darkclaw now resorts to bribing furs to revisit the internet room with tempting offers of weird British sweets. Still helping/hindering Tigerwolf as much as possible - and thoroughly enjoying it.

DATAHAWK

DEALERS' ROOM

DataHawk is, and sometimes that's all you can ask for. When not working conventions, she can be found working to pay the bills or playing video games. She really is far more boring than most believe her to be.

DAVE

ARTISTS' ALLEY / CON STORE

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

DAVID M STEIN, DI

SECURITY

Every time you watch a rainbow and feel wonder in your heart. Every time you pick up a handful of dust and see not the dust, but a mystery, a marvel, there in your hand. Every time you stop and think, "I'm alive, and being alive is fantastic!" Every time such a thing happens, you're part of the Circus of Dr. Lao.

© Witchiebunny

DECKER

OPERATIONS

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mHXBL6bzAR4

DEJA

SECURITY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

DELPHI_VINN

ARTISTS' ALLEY / CON STORE

This space for rent, lease, or cute doodles :>

DERECHO

REGISTRATION

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

DESTER'EDRA

ART SHOW,

She is a small, blue, film-winged glutton for punishment. It's that simple, really.

DEVIANT: TERRA

ART SHOW

Some-day doctorate, present-day student, Terra has big dreams for the future. Acting is a major aspiration, despite his degree work in health sciences--as is his intent to build a mysterious facility known only as "the Furtress." He plans to do stand-up at a future Anthrocon, or perhaps other cons--once he gets his act together, figuratively and literally.

DIDASKALOS

ART SHOW, PROGRAMMING

Hi! I do old-fashioned poetry featuring animals, like Odysseus versus Circe in the Odyssey. I also help out at the Art Show.

DOUGLAS MUTH (GIZA)

BOARD OF DIRECTORS (OPERATIONS)

Software Engineer, Drupal advocate, Furry fan, WikiFur admin, Anthrocon organizer, Eagle Scout, Dorsai Irregular. Find him on Twitter as @dmuth.

DRAGONBOY

DANCE / AV

DragonBoy got his start in the 80's as a DJ for skating rinks, clubs, and two radio stations. In the 90's he expanded to raves all over the eastern half of the US as both a DJ and a live musician, and for the last twelve years has been a DJ at many furry conventions and once again is working behind the scenes to make the Anthrocon dances some of the best.

DRITTAUGE

ARTISTS' ALLEY / CON STORE

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

DV

DANCE / AV

"What we do for ourselves dies with us. What we do for others and the world remains and is immortal." —Albert Pine

"Where it is a duty to worship the sun it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat." —John Morley

"Victory attained by violence is tantamount to a defeat, for it is momentary." —M. Gandhi

EAGLE'S FLIGHT

PROGRAMMING

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

EKIMFLOW

ART SHOW, REGISTRATION

A friendly long time attendee, helps out where ever needed, willing to help everybody when he can.

ELECTRIC KEET (JESSIE TRACER)

PUBLICATIONS

Thank you for your purchase of the JSI-9 multi-purpose ailuroform service androgynoid ("catdroid"), built on the reliable large-format "Uncia II" platform. Features include:

- Precision engineering and kinetosynthesis matrix
- "TruSpeak" natural language interpreter
- "ServRite DX" conviviality algorithm
- High-bandwidth universal communications hard-port
- Industry-standard "BioPort" adaptors
- Durable "NuRubber" synthetic skin (fuchsia)
- "Moonstalker" boots and gloves (gold)
- Wireless "PsiWave" psycho-resonance receiver
- Unique "LumiReach" prehensile tendrils

Enjoy your JSI-9 catdroid! (NOTE: Read manual for safety precautions.)

ERIC LONG

SECURITY

Member of the Dorsai Irregulars and nine-time volunteer for Anthrocon. *sigh* Once a fool, always a fool, I guess.

ERIKA "CHILLY" ROSENGARTEN

OPERATIONS

Erika is a professional illustrator, sign maker, costume designer, and character performer from Long Island, New York. She currently resides in Central Virginia, and happily participated as a Guest of Honor at Midwest Furfest 2007 and 2009. Past work of hers includes painted displays for Trader Joe's, commercial graphics, and the 2007 - 2009 Midwest Furfest websites. To view work of hers, please visit *www.furaffinity.net/user/chillymouse*, or write *chillymouse@gmail.com*.

FALBERT FORESTER

ART SHOW

Falbert Forester is just this Maine Coon cat, you know? He comes to Anthrocon from northern Maine.

FALLOUT

ART SHOW, LOGISTICS

Hold on to "What if?"

FIZZ OTTER

DANCE / AV

This mohawk'd otter has been involved professionally in the live special effects and laser entertainment industry for 15+ years, designing hardware and software products in use on many large-scale shows and theme parks around the world. Fizz enjoys helping jazz up Anthrocon's dances with a unique variety of laser effects and visualizations not usually seen outside of major rock concerts.

FORD SHEPHERD

ARTISTS' ALLEY / CON STORE

Ford hails from Columbus, Ohio, where he works as a banker and lives with a sociopathic Australian Shepherd named Nathan.

FOXCUB

PUBLICATIONS

FoxCub is an 11 year veteran of Anthrocon and a Pittsburgh local for nearly as long. He runs a small furniture studio from his shop in the North Side specializing in custom furniture of a more exotic nature. In addition to the fandom he is also highly involved in the Volkswagen communities and in his spare time enjoys restoring and racing vintage water-cooled Rabbits.

GALEN

SECURITY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

GARY BRATZEL, DI

SECURITY

While it has never been confirmed that Gary is an avatar of the god Hastur and hails from Dread Carcosa which looms ominously beyond the shore of the Lake of Hali, it is a matter of public record that Gary has been a Dorsai Irregular since 1997 and has worked in the field of cryptography and information security for just as long.

GIR TYGRIN

OPERATIONS

Gir is the Chairman of Furry Connection North, co-host of Method 1, a DJ, an amateur costumer, a Volvo fanatic, administrator of *www.midwestfurries.com* and a lowly peon at Anthrocon. When asked what he does in his free time, his frequent response is "What is this 'free time' that you speak of?"

GIZMO_NINE

ART SHOW

Habitual volunteer and con staff member. Still running by the motto "If you enjoy something, help to make it even better."

HALINA K. HARDING, D.O./D.I.

SECURITY

Here we go again. Drive a long way, experience sleep deprivation, total body pain from walking on cement floors all day, not eating right - I LOVE WORKING ANTHROCON!

HAWKEYE

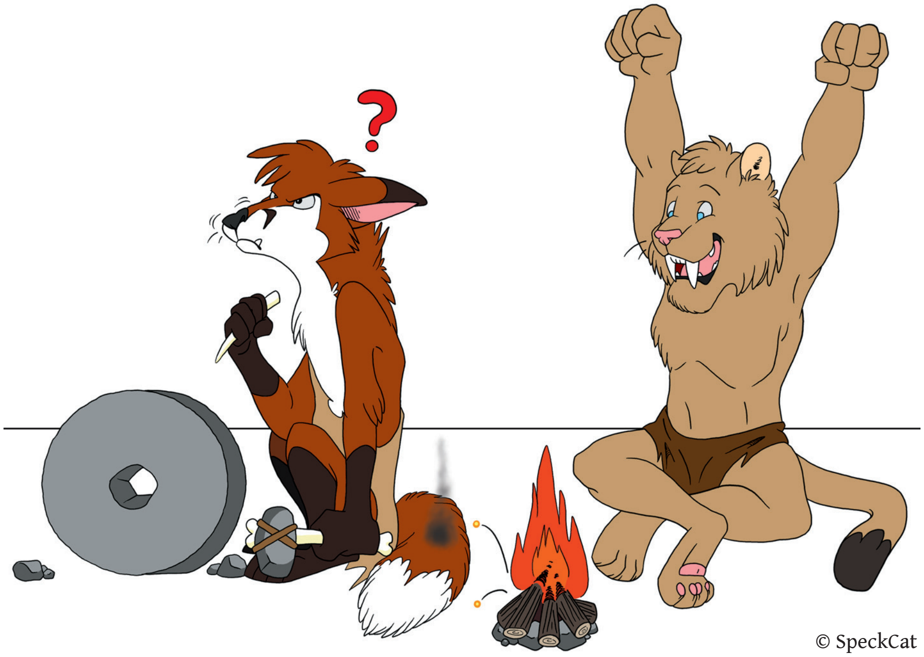
SECURITY

DI since the beginning, almost. Third Anthrocon, looking forward to herding cats again.

HEATHYR LAMB, DI

SECURITY

Heathyr Lamb lives in Florida with her daughter and husband Colin. She runs a daycare for the elderly, which gives her a great deal of experience in dealing with crisis situations and ornery people. She is short, which means she is very dangerous. Remember that she leads with her left and will not hesitate to hit below the belt.



© SpeckCat

HEIDI PILEWSKI
ART SHOW

I'm delighted to be returning for my third year helping out with the Art Show!

HOBBESDAWG
SECURITY

Longtime anthro, anime, comic and art fan. Glad to be giving something back to the community and con.

HUGMONSTER AKA TRICIA
ART SHOW

Hug Looking forward to another year in the Art Show.

ISHKABIBEL
ART SHOW

A full time mother, dreamer, explorer, part-time crayon user, pencil grinder and Playdough molder.... I am me, and I'm still learning who that is.

JAMES J. WALTON, DI
SECURITY

Four days of fun at the price of my sanity. Yes, Anthrocon is worth it.

JBADGER
PROGRAMMING

I am a 49 year old Software Engineer from Long Island. I started to notice Furry fandom in the early 1980's when I was in college at Stony Brook. After going to a few Science Fiction cons, I noticed furry parties at such cons as Philcon. Soon after that I started volunteering and even served on a board of directors. Almost 25 years later I now have a large collection of Furry art and zines, a few costumes and 4 fursuits.

JENNA HOYER
SECURITY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

JO
SECURITY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

JOHN (JOATMON) LINDGREN
ART SHOW

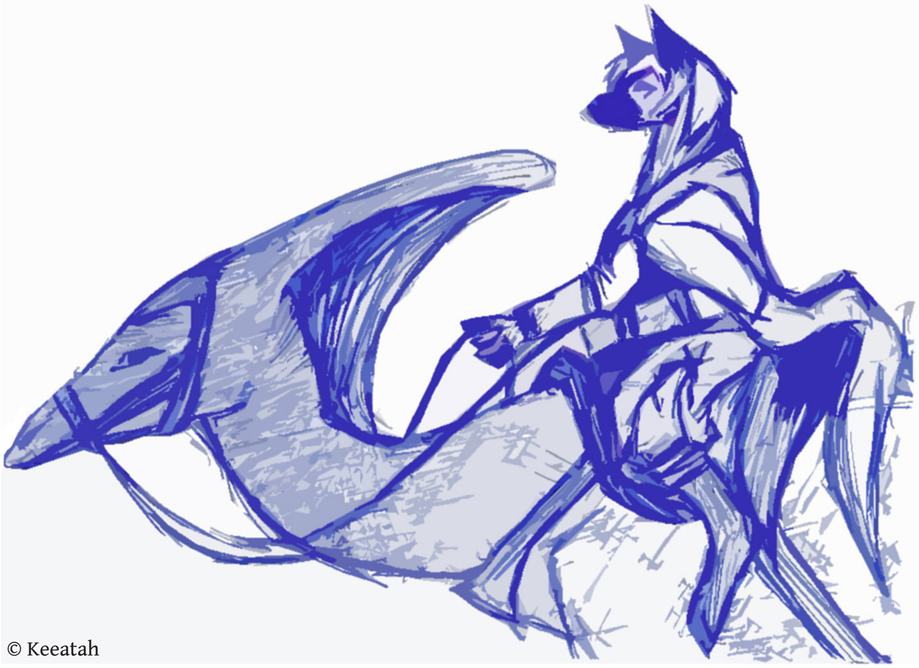
I have been fascinated by animation for most of my life. It still amazes me that people can take a few drawings and make it look like they're alive. My favorite part of any new animation is to try and pick out who is doing the voices. If you have any toon trivia questions, come find me at the Art Show. Have a great con.

JUSTIN P. REESE A.K.A. THE SONIC GOD
REGISTRATION

Being a furry is just like being in love. No one can tell you that you're a furry... wait... I think that was The Matrix. I hold great admiration for everyone at Anthrocon, staff and members alike for making great events like these possible. You're all like family to me, and I adore each and every one of you. :)

K.P.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS (MASQUERADE, PROGRAMMING)

John "KP" Cole has been Anthrocon's Programming Director since 2005 and is also the Masquerade Director. Originally from Houston, Texas and now living in Orlando, Florida, KP is a fursuiter, a cast member on the Funday Pawpet Show, and the emcee for the Anthropoly game show. In his spare time, he enjoys doing calligraphy, and spending time with his dog, "Magic".



© Keeatah

KARL JORGENSEN (XYDEXX SQUEAKYPONY)
BOARD OF DIRECTORS (PUBLICATIONS)

Karl has been an enthusiastic participant and supporter of Furry fandom since 1993. An attendee of every Anthrocon since it began, this is his seventh year of serving his Anthrocon masters as Publications Director. In his free time, he enjoys riding his recumbent bicycle, exploring abandoned buildings, and yak worshipping. He resides in Leesburg, VA and maintains a webpage about Furry fandom at *www.furryfandom.info*.

KASI FROST
OPERATIONS

Kasi Frost is a freelance IT/web consultant and staffer/organizer of anime, furry, and sci-fi conventions from Bristol, Connecticut. Kasi enjoys costuming, pop and alt-culture (rave, goth, scf-fi/fantasy), emergency medicine, and small business projects. Her personal interest in fantasy costuming, photography, emerging culture, and travel make her a community resource for networking and collaboration for newcomers to kigurumi and furry.

KAY JARRELL D.I.
SECURITY

Back to Anthrocon for the third time! I find I look forward to both the work and the socializing at Anthrocon. Working Security has been a great way to meet many gentle beings I would not have encountered anywhere else in the universe. The best thing about Anthrocon? It validates each of us in the belief that we are who we say we are; we are who we choose to be.

KEN HUCKLE (ANTHRO WOLF)
ART SHOW

Been working with Anthrocon for a good number of years now and I thoroughly enjoy the great people and atmosphere it brings. I hope everyone has a wonderful time and if you see me, feel free to say hi. I don't bite. :3

KENNETH BAKER
BOARD OF DIRECTORS (DANCE / AV)

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

KESS
DEALERS' ROOM

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

KIRIC
PROGRAMMING

As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth forward and back

For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

KODI
PROGRAMMING

When Kodi (a husky) isn't busy travelling around for business, he's knee-deep making costumes and bouncing around performing as his husky or German Shepherd characters.

Since 2001, Kodi's made over 70 fursuits, and founded the Helping Pawz non-profit performance group based in Vancouver, Canada.

KRIN
REGISTRATION

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

KRISTINA TRACER
PUBLICATIONS

We cast this rabbit into the cosmos... Of the seven billion people in the world, some — perhaps many — may have self-awareness and emotional narrative technology. If any such person intercepts Kristy and can understand her internal monologues, here is our message: We are trying to survive your tales so we may live into ours. We hope some day, having solved the problems you face, to join a community of Self-Evolved Transcendi. This rabbit represents our hope and our determination and our goodwill in a vast and awesome universe.

KYREETH
PHOTOGRAPHY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

MACH
OPERATIONS

Curiosity killed the cat, and satisfaction brought him back. Life is not just do or die, life is fun, don't question why! Mach is many things, and his interests are many and varied. He's lately been setting up a general craft shop at home, studying Python at work, and looking into information on DIY biology. He lives in Florida and despises the heat, but loves how well things grow there.

MARK BERNSTEIN
SECURITY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

MARK JOHNS (SAGE JACKAL)
CHARITY

If I could travel in time some time, I'd travel to the end of all of mankind. And there I'd find a brother of mine. We'd travel through space on his silver ship. We'd pass through the stars and over the moon.

MARK OSIER
SECURITY

A longtime fan of many of our attending artists, MarkO has now worked more Anthrocons than his limited intellect can recall. Thankfully, he can still spell his name, "Dorsai," and "Sake for Uncle Kage" so the other staff continue to let him work the con.

MAXIMUS
SECURITY

This is Max's fourth year at Anthrocon, second as Dorsai. Aside from sleep deprivation and stress experiments, Max also plays paintball, works in the theatre, and makes jewelry. If you see Max, he's likely going to be wearing a Red Shirt™, but don't worry, he's well trained and won't bite. Come up and say hi.

MIDWAY
DANCE / AV

Midway met Fizz at FCN 2008 and immediately knew he wanted to get on the laser show, running live beam effects. Now he jumps at the opportunity whenever it arises. You might see him rocking shutter shades with his pals or wandering around doing ottery things.

MIKE "GOOCH" GUCCIARD DI
SECURITY

Old enough to know better, too young at heart to care.

Here we go again! Where we're needed, when we're needed.

Nah, he just always _looks_ like he's ready to rip your heart out, it's nothing personal.

Giza, call your mother!

MIKE "SHADOWWULF" T
DANCE / AV

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

MIKE 'ALIEN' GARRISON
SECURITY

After hearing all these stories from his coworker, Sgt Steve, Alien started to work conventions with the Dorsai. For some odd reason, he considers conventions a vacation and uses all of his vacation time to walk and work more than he does at his day job.

MRIANTI
CHARITY

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

NEVERMINT
PROGRAMMING

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

NIGHTCLAW
DANCE / AV

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

NORMAN RAFFERTY
PUBLICATIONS

A volunteer for Anthrocon as early as 1999, Norman Rafferty's favorite haunts are sewers, stables, cowsheds, and cellars. He is mainly active at night. He is not as good a climber as the black rat, but is an excellent swimmer. Rafferty is a serious pest because of the health hazards caused by his presence, including the transmittal of such diseases as bubonic plague and murine typhus. One of these days, he hopes to visit Alberta.

ODDY
DANCE / AV

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

OMNIBAHUMUT
PROGRAMMING

In west Philadelphia born and raised
On the playground was where I spent most of my days
Chillin out maxin relaxin all cool
And all shootin some b-ball outside of the school
When a couple of guys
Who were up to no good
Startin makin trouble in my neighborhood
I got in one lil fight and my mom got scared
She said you're movin with your auntie and uncle in Bel-Air
(What were you expecting, Portal?)

© Theadeaus "Akira Shima"

Otter
Registration

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

OwlSaint
Art Show

An energetic Owl hailing from the Midwest, this is his second Anthrocon and his third Furry convention (with last year's Anthrocon being his first)! He was cleverly tricked into joining the ranks of the volunteers and is loving it. He dreams of one day having his own fursuit... or feathersuit, as it were.

Panda
Programming

Panda has been involved in the Furry fandom since 2004, and has been working Programming staff for Anthrocon since 2008. 2010 marks his first year as Anthrocon's Fursuit Track coordinator. Aside from his obligations with Anthrocon, he is a Masters student in Electrical Engineering, chairs the Kentucky Anthropomorphic Society, and mascots for both non-profit and for-profit organizations. If you see him, don't be a stranger, stop and say hi!

Panzier
Internet Room

It all started so long ago just before Furtasticon 1994 and its been a wild ride ever since! Friends and contacts from around the world, what a fun trip. Come on by, see the events, swing in the internet room and say hi.

Patrick "Da Bear" Tabb
Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

PeterCat
Board of Directors (Art Show)

Intrigued by the late-80s CBS-TV series "Beauty and the Beast, " PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He's Anthrocon's representative to the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association, which administers the Ursa Major Awards (*ursamajorawards.org*). He also runs the Furry InfoPage web site (*tigerden.com/infopage/furry*) and, using the professional name Peter Katt, is a freelance voice artist (*peterkattvoice.com*). He can often be heard on Will Sanborn's "Anthro Dreams" podcast.

Phaedra 'Wyldekyttin' Meyer
Board of Directors (Dealers' Room)

In lieu of costuming, artistic, or writing talent, it seems she only is good at herding cats and organizing paperwork, so she staffs cons. Have you thanked a staff member today?

Phobomaia
Security

For eons have I been known as Moonfall, but for this lunar cycle the name 'Phobomaia' fits my Prehistoric nature. Phobomaia, of the DiLong species, habitat is found in the Southwestern Sonoran Desert where our volcanoes have long since slept. With me are Alticrintiscope and cubling Platycanthus. We have ventured into the land of "FUR" for over 104 lunar cycles.

Anthrocon
2010

© Yamer

Protocollie
Dance / AV

This conbook bio has been rented out by Armour Potted Meat Product for advertising purposes. Armour™ brand Potted Meat Product - If you're not eating it, chances are you don't feel sick. Available in fine grocery stores everywhere, for reasons we can't explain.

Rama
Artists' Alley / Con Store

Slavin' under Duncan for another year, Rama returns to work the Artists' Alley. Currently residing in St Louis, MO, he can be found working other conventions in the eastern US, including FWA, MFF and MFM.

RB
Programming

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Robert "Chiaroscuro" Armstrong
Board of Directors (Registration)

Still cooking for a living and usually looking the part, Chiaroscuro L. Themyst is back for his third year running Registration at Anthrocon. Online, he can be found on FuryMUCK and SecondLife. Please humor his strange obsession with cobras. He works at Jimmy Buffet's Margaritaville @ Mohegan Sun, living in Norwich, Connecticut, and keeping his 1999 Ford Escort on the road somehow. ♪ *When I get through this part, will the next one be the same* ♪

Rooth
Artists' Alley

Rooth has been a member of the community since 1990. He has attended many conventions, and volunteered at a few, including his first visit to Anthrocon in 2006 and every one since. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes, particularly of the dragon or kangaroo variety. He lives in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a senior IT professional. Find him working Artist's Alley wearing his signature white dragon tail with the blue feathers.

Rukario
Programming

Rewa "Rukario" Schneidau, has been a part of the Furry community for the last 3 years. Currently residing in New York City, Rukario is an entrepreneur and a full time student currently working on his BS in Information Technology.

In his spare time, Rukario enjoys fursuiting, domestic and international travel, fine dining, and world culture. Rukario also enjoys meeting new furs and making new friends.

Ryn
Registration

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

Sandy Schreiber
Security

Comics, SF, Fantasy and Furries! I draw 'em all!

Scott "Talyn" Williams
Logistics, Operations

Arf! Hey all, thanks for coming! One step closer to total Pittsburgh furry conversion, no? Remember, it's not about the location or staff, but the community as a whole. Make sure to give the fandom in general a positive appearance when you're on the streets! And treat your hosts/venues right! EXCLAMATION POINTS ROCK!!!!

Scruffy
Art Show

I started attending Anthrocon in 2001, began doing volunteer work with the Art Show in '02, and became staff in '06. 2010 marks my 2nd year as an Assistant Director of the Art Show. So far (keeping my paws crossed) I've only missed Anthrocon one year. I look forward to another great convention where I'll get to work with and meet lots of fun furres.

Sean "Seven" Kirby
Security

Just look at what I have gotten myself into now. Working with the Dorsai? Somebody please, shoot me!

ShiroTora a, k, a, James Eden
Art Show

ShiroTora is an anthropomorphic white tiger cleverly disguised as a human. He enjoys caramel, fine chocolate, dark rum and playful females; often in combination. When not indulging his vices he enjoys wordplay, writing and graphic art. He also makes buttons, both singly and in bulk for conventions (*twistedbuttons.com*). He has, for a change, not used his entire wordcount, and has seventeen words left. Well, twelve now. Nine. Okay, two after this bit here.

Shy Matsi
Artists' Alley / Con Store

Shy returns as a staff member of Anthrocon's Artists' Alley team! He's from New Jersey and as been in the fandom since 1995. This marks his 10th Anthrocon! When he isn't busy volunteering at conventions he's running his social networking website for the furry community, *Furry4Life.org*!

SimbaLion
Dance / AV

Born in Michigan, part of the founding MIFur group, and a long time furry, Simba has been volunteering with Anthrocon for a number of years. First as an A/V staff member and dance coordinator, then several years on the board of directors, in charge of Audio and Video. This will be his last year on Anthrocon's staff, as he looks forward to reclaiming his vacation time for himself.

Snowie (Deanna Stango)
Artists' Alley / Con Store

Snowie is a white lion who originally hails from South Philadelphia. She's been active in the fandom since 2001, after discovering that Anthrocon was being held in her hometown. When she isn't staffing at conventions, Snowie is a professional counselor who works with at-risk youth. No, she won't analyze you or ask about your mother, but she will definitely give you a hug if you ask nicely.

Stahi
Charity, Masquerade

DERP.

Steve "Sgt. Steve" Simmons
Security

Steve Simmons is a husband, father, grandfather, programmer, UNIX admin, Dorsai Irregular, singer, guitar player, music lover, inveterate reader, card player, scotch drinker, carnivore, wiseass, punster, essayist, and a few other odds and end. He likes commas, too.

Steve H.
Security

Heaven goes by favor. If it went by merit, you would stay out and your dog would go in. - Mark Twain

Steven "Tora" Sears
Charity, Security

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing fire to send in a bio.

Tango
Artists' Alley / Con Store

Proudly and happily serving on staff with Anthrocon since 2002, Tango is glad to be making the trip to Pittsburgh again this year. He can be a bit hard to find, and harder to make stay still, but he will always find a few moments for a friend.

T'Chall
Operations

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

The Foxish
Dealers' Room

For many years now, The Foxish has waved his special brand of magic in Anthrocon's Dealers' Room. And one more time the spell will be cast, and excessive prose will bring you the best darn room of high quality swag anywhere in these United States! Come by, say hi, and if you offer caffeine, you'll have a jittery rabbit as a friend.

Tigerwolf
Board of Directors (Internet Room)

Tigerwolf is a retired USAF Major, rated senior navigator, flight test program manager and engineer. A lifelong furry inside, he established Tigerden Internet Services in 1993 as a way to contribute back to the fandom. Since then, Tigerden has provided Internet Den facilities for numerous furry conventions, and has worked with the Red Cross to provide Internet communication facilities for disaster relief shelters.

Tina K.L. Dorsai
Security

This will be my 5th or 6th Anthrocon, I can't remember as it is all a blur, but a really fun blur. I once again look forward to exhaustion and sore feet.

Tom Brady
Artists' Alley / Con Store

Tom is in his final year as Artists' Alley Manager for Anthrocon. In his copious spare time he has served as Registration Director and Chairman of Midwest FurFest. He is currently Hotel Liaison for Midwest FurFest and working in the Operations department for Furry Connection North. When not working behind the scenes of conventions, Tom is a Senior Quality Engineer for a major pharmaceutical manufacturer in the northern Chicago suburbs.

Tony Ringtail
Registration

Tony is the largest and friendliest raccoon in the universe. Always willing to lend a helping paw but easily distracted by shiny things ^.^ Feel free to say hello if you spot him roaming around.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
-RUG Duty! Again.
-At least you never get vacuum duty!
Oh.. God!
Oh Dude, I'm so! Sorry.
'10

Tora NightProwler
Operations

Scott Stauffer loves to fursuit and attend conventions when he has the chance. Scott has been a furry since 2006. He created Tora NightProwler as his fursona because he has always been fascinated with tigers. Tora's whole personality is like that of a real life one, so it just fit! Tora's first con was Midwest FurFest in Chicago, IL 2006. Tora is also the Chairman for the up-coming IndyFurCon.

Turtyl
Programming

I'll talk about the person I met while I was young...

In 198x we've found the Badds' top secret material called Albatross which was never put into practice. Imperial Force's Generalissimo Killt has seen the plan, and decided to execute the plan himself.

The Federation tried to thwart his attempt by sending our hero Super Joe, but lost contact with him. One brave fur was sent with a special mission...to rescue Super Joe...

Tyrrlin
Registration

One of the smiling faces behind the Registration desk, Tyrrlin has attended Anthrocon since 2005. She's also one of the aritsts in the Art Show as well as a fursuiter in the parade. Look for a flame-crested gryphoness and feel free to say hello!

Uncle Kage
Board of Directors (Chairman)

Chairman of Anthrocon and CEO of Anthrocon, Inc. since 1998. He likes to tell stories and will probably do so if you don't do something to stop him.

Uncle Vlad
Dealers' Room

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

Wag!
Artists' Alley / Con Store

Wag was the President of Delaware, as elected and recognized by absolutely nobody. He celebrated his inauguration by chasing his tail until he was kicked out of office for doing so... it's not illegal, but might kinda look bad if he gets too dizzy and barfs on the carpet. Carpets are expensive, you know! (And if you've read this far... find Wag at the Artists' Alley / Con Store!)

Walter Faddoul
Art Show

A Kansan Wolf that has attended Anthrocon for four years now; have always loved and been eager to help out. Check out the Art Show! And ya; volunteering is always so much fun! ^_^

Wolfie DarkWolfie
Publications

May 1, 1968—December 15, 2009

WhiteFang
Art Show

Soaring in from Jersey is Anthrocon's very own winged white wolf. WhiteFang has been a furry for 5 years now and she loves every bit of it, especially helping out with the Anthrocon Art Show. Outside of the fandom her loves include singing, costuming, theatre and biology. WhiteFang is looking forward to making Anthrocon 2010 an absolute blast!

Yappy Fox
Programming

A hard-working staffer who was too busy inventing stone tools to send in a bio.

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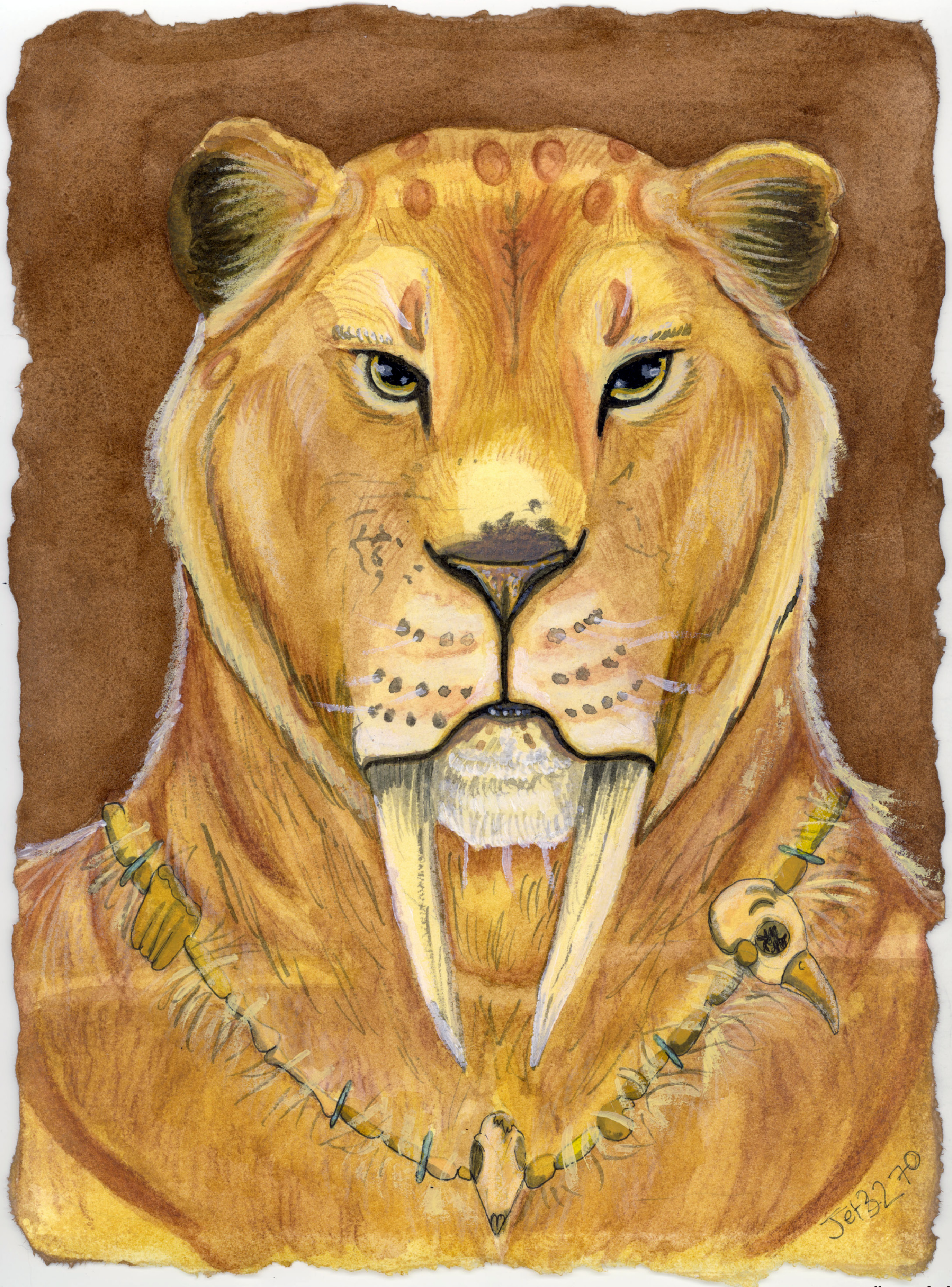

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